The Nation.

January 2-9, 1982 $1.25

WITHDRAWN

TN S L
E TENNESSEE ST UNIV
PERIODICALS LIBR
THE SHERROD LIBR
JOHNSON CITY TN
37614
DO NOT REMOVE SLIP FROM BOOK

EDITORIAL

JUDGMENT DAY ON E.R.A.

By denying Congress' power to extend the deadline for ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment and affirming the states' power to rescind approval, Federal Judge Marion J. Callister cast a double whammy—legal and political. The legal consequences of the decision are obvious, but even if the Supreme Court should eventually overturn it, the immediate political effect is to relieve the pressure on wavering legislators in states that have not ratified. The momentum of the pro-E.R.A. forces' last-ditch drive has probably been halted.

In deciding the case, Judge Callister rejected the Justice Department's argument that his court had no jurisdiction because the issue of amendment ratification procedures is a "political question" best left to Congress. When the suit was filed by the states of Idaho and Arizona in 1979, the judge himself was in hot water with feminists because he was an elder in the Mormon Church, which had taken a public stand against the E.R.A. Callister refused to disqualify himself, and then purported to find constitutional grounds for his decision, even though the Constitution says nothing about either time limits for ratification or rescission. This is hardly the strict constructionism that conservatives yearn for.

Conservative opponents of the amendment have argued that, in the words of columnist George Will, it is "a device for empowering courts to write the nation's code of conduct regarding women, a task properly belonging to the political branches of government." One would have thought that constitutional amendments should be voted up or down by the people's representatives, not written off by the courts. Rhetoric about "political questions" aside, a majority of the majority in this country—women—demand and should have the equality under the law now denied them.

'SOME JEWS & THE GAYS' (CONT.)
Roger Austen
David Rothenberg
Charles Ansell
Morris U. Schappes
Martin Solow
Jean Bethke Elshtain

REPLY
Gore Vidal

THE NUCLEAR TURKEYS
Fred J. Cook

VIET-VET SYNDROME
Doug Magee

GILBERT SORRENTINO
J. D. O'Hara

TOXIC SHOCK AND MORE

TAMPONS CAN BE HARMFUL TO HEALTH

KATHLEEN A. WANDA

The Proctor & Gamble Company, maker of Rely Tampons, which were implicated in 1980 in a wave of deaths from a mysterious illness known as toxic-shock syndrome (T.S.S.), received quite a shock itself recently. Confident that its product was not to blame for the outbreak, the company joined with two other tampon manufacturers in funding research at the University of Wisconsin into T.S.S.'s causes. Rather than clearing Rely and other tampons, however, the scientists announced that a strain of staphylococcus bacteria commonly found in the human body will, when present in superabsorbent tampons like Rely, produce a waste called Enterotoxin-F, which is suspected to be the cause of T.S.S.

Although the link between Enterotoxin-F and toxic-shock syndrome has not been established beyond doubt, the evidence against Rely, which P.&G. voluntarily withdrew from the market in September 1980, and similar products is damning. Yet toxic-shock syndrome is only one of a number of health problems associated with the use of tampons, and reports that they can cause injury or infection have appeared in medical journals as far back as 1938. Although the Food and Drug Administration has had tampon-related complaints on file since 1975, it has done little to warn women about the dangers. And it has sought few improvements in safety and quality control from the manufacturers.

Tampons were never tested before their introduction in 1936 by Tampax Inc. They were classified as medical devices and cosmetics by the F.D.A., but the agency's authority in these areas was weak, so there was virtually no regula-

(Continued on Page 16)

ETERNAL LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXCHANGE.

'Some Jews & The Gays' (Cont.)

Spokane, Wash.

Gore Vidal makes several trenchant points for his side in "*Some* Jews & *The* Gays" [*The Nation*, Nov. 14, 1981]. He is correct in observing, for instance, that a deliberate "obtuseness is the name of the game" among those who argue that while being Jewish is a matter of God's grace, being gay is a matter of perverse choice.

But specifically whose side is Vidal on? Any at all? It's hard to say because, as his article exemplifies, he is playing a slippery little game of his own. Obfuscation is its name; he's been playing it since the late 1940s, and it is one that his readers of whatever bent are coming to regard as tiresome.

Ever the tease, Vidal has his tongue in cheek from the start. In his opening paragraphs he feigns a certain degree of real regret over the fact that "no one outside of the so-called gay press" has reviewed Stephen Adams's *The Homosexual as Hero in Contemporary Fiction*, Georges-Michel Sarotte's *As a Brother, As a Lover* (originally published in France as *Comme un Frère, Comme un Amant)* and my *Playing the Game: The Homosexual Novel in America,* the subtitle of which he apparently found too unsettling to mention. Yes, he goes on to say, many such books are sent to him, and yet these "scholarly studies having to do with fags do not get reviewed in the United States."

A logical question to ask at this point is: Why has Vidal not reviewed some of these apparently worthy books himself? Surely they were mailed to him with such a possibility in mind and surely he could have reviewed them had he wished, since he has access to the columns of a number of leading journals in this country.

Those of us who have researched Vidal and are familiar with his repertory of poses can answer this question with both ease and pleasure. He balks at reviewing overviews of American homosexual fiction because the very idea of such a thing makes him squirm. Such studies take for granted certain facts that Vidal has indeed been taking pains to pooh-pooh for the last thirty years. They include the general awareness that (*1*) there is such a thing as a totally undeviating and justifiably unapologetic homosexual, and that (*2*) there are such things as worthwhile stories and novels written by and about gay males that can be termed, for the sake of convenience and parallelism with other minority literature, homosexual fiction. Vidal, who likes to think that his work invariably transcends sexuality, seems to find the several telltale implications of that word "by" particularly unnerving.

To anyone who proposes the validity of either of these two points, Vidal habitually gives the back of his hand. This keeps him busy. In a recent collection of his interviews, *Views from a Window*, he complained to a Miss Halfpenny (*sic*) that I was woefully imperceptive in presuming to lump his apparently incomparable *The City and the Pillar* with a bunch of single-minded, sexually obsessed "fag novels," most of which, he was relieved to be able to add, remained "unknown" to him. (Despite her unlikely name, by the way, Miss Halfpenny is allegedly not the campy Myra Breckenridge-ish creation of convenience she seems to be but rather an actual lady living in some unspecified area of Canada.) Nor is Sarotte spared the slap he has coming. While in *The Nation* Vidal affirmed that this man's book was not only "serious" and "scholarly" but "interesting," Miss Halfpenny's extraordinarily attuned probing elicited a dismissal of Sarotte that carried with it an undertone of two-fisted Norman Mailer menace. "I read the parts about me," Vidal told or perhaps wrote to Miss Halfpenny, "and was a bit bewildered. He is so busy making his sub-Freudian case that he ignores the main line of my work which has nothing at all to [*sic*] with sex unless sex is *everything*—which some like to say, but not in my presence."

Which are we to believe? The Vidal who suggests in *Views from a Window* that "fag novels" and books about "fag novels" are a tedious business and should not be encouraged? Or the Vidal who appears to be regretting in *The Nation* that these interesting books have remained unreviewed? Both? Neither?

To give Vidal some well-earned credit, though, his habit of being obfuscatory on this point is certainly understandable within the context of the circumstances that originally produced it—the literary climate in the United States about thirty years ago, specifically around 1948. That year Vidal was forced to defend himself—alone—against the ridiculing innuendoes coming from a group of threatened, edgy and altogether merciless critics of *The City and the Pillar*. Gleefully misinterpreting one of Kinsey's charts in his response, Vidal executed a snappy side step by alluding to that graduated orientation scale of 1 through 6 and arguing passionately if somewhat inaccurately that all males were bound to be clustered somewhere in the middle. If everyone was pegged a 3 or a 4 and no one was a 1 or a 6, it followed that both he and his critics were fundamentally bisexual and that genuine homosexuals could not be said to exist. . . .

Since he has based his sexual notions on a deliberate misreading of Kinsey, to say nothing of the world at large, he tends to get tangled up in inconsistencies whenever he writes about what he alone is pleased to call "homosexualists." Elsewhere in his article, for instance, Vidal refers to these supposed nonpersons as composing a life-and-blood minority on par with the blacks and the Jews. That he can acknowledge in one paragraph the existence of that which he denies in another indicates that some clearheaded rethinking of the subject is obviously in order. . . .

Roger Austen

New York City

As a child, I heard stories of the "final solution," and as a Jew, I was terrified and felt expendable. As an adult gay male, I still feel expendable, and it is ironic that the tyranny comes with equal vehemence from the Moral Majority and from a band of Jewish desperadoes like Norman Podhoretz, Midge Decter, Joseph Epstein and others.

Gore Vidal's essay is a challenge to the great majority of the Jewish community —caring, sensitive and good people—not to remain silent as anti-homosexual attitudes are popularized. Scapegoating is not a protection for Jews. It merely gives license to the libertine.

Vidal's final words are to be heeded: "Since these neo-Naumannites are going to be in the same gas chambers as the blacks and the faggots, I would suggest a cease-fire and a common front against the common enemy. . ."

One afterthought for Vidal. The danger of people like Podhoretz and Decter is not that they have a wide readership but that they legitimize homophobia as a proper social stance. It manifests itself on the far more persuasive pages of *The New York Times*, whose silence and fears are well known in the gay community. Podhoretz, Decter, Epstein, etc. are theorists, but *The Times*, with its ominous silences, is the real culprit in an essay on some Jews and the gays.

David Rothenberg
Commissioner on Human Rights
City of New York

Encino, Calif.

If I read Gore Vidal right in his rebuke of Midge Decter's piece on homosexuals, he is saying that on at least two counts Decter should be wary of her attacks on gays. First, as a Jew, her views are suspect because Jews ought to know, Vidal warns, that (like blacks and gays) they are a despised minority, and second, as a member of the "new class," she is gauche, if not vulgar, in talking like a Boston Brahmin.

Seems to me it would have made little difference to Vidal if Decter were arguing nuclear bombs or abortion. Does her being a Jew and assuming the airs of a hereditary WASP mean she has forfeited the right to be stupid? Or do I read him wrong?

Charles Ansell

(*Continued on Page 18*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

616625

CONTENTS.

Volume 234, Number 1

EXCHANGE

2 "*Some* Jews & *The* Gays" (Cont.)

EDITORIALS

1 Judgment Day on E.R.A.
3 Congress Update
4 The Guardians
4 Papal Visitors — *Lee Lascaze*
5 False Solidarity — *Hans Koning*
6 *Uncivil Liberties* — *Calvin Trillin*

ARTICLES

1 Toxic Shock and More: Tampons Can Be Harmful to Health — *Kathleen A. Wanda*
7 Contaminated Dream: The Case of the Nuclear Turkeys — *Fred J. Cook*
11 Viet-Vet Syndrome: The Long War of Wayne Felde — *Doug Magee*
14 The Biosafety Controversy: Gene Splicing—Not in *Our* Town! — *Ellen Cantarow*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

20 Sorrentino: Crystal Vision
Selected Poems, 1958-1980 — *J. D. O'Hara*
21 Shostak: Nisa: The Life and Words of a !Kung Woman — *Margo Jefferson*
24 Yates: Liars in Love
Woiwode: Poppa John — *Bruce Allen*
25 Lowry: Daddy's Girl — *Alice Denham*
26 Mitchell: Truth and Consequences: Seven Who Would Not Be Silenced — *James Lieber*
26 Theater — *Richard Gilman*
27 Films — *Robert Hatch*

Drawings by M. G. Lord

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editor,* Kai Bird; *Assistant Editor,* Amy Wilentz (on leave); *Visiting Editor,* John S. Rosenberg; *Literary Editor,* Elizabeth Pochoda; *Assistant Literary Editor,* Elena Brunet; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Copy Editor,* Janet Gold; *Assistant Copy Editors,* Barbara Dudley Davis, Judith Long; *Editorial Assistant,* Eric Etheridge; *Editorial Aide,* David Corn; *Editorial Secretary,* Ola Lyon; *Interns,* Susan Austin, Mark Clifford, John Eastburn, David Gillcrist, Jenny Hoover, Peter Howell, Hugo Moreno, Eva Pomice, Fran Schnier.

Departments: Architecture, Jane Holtz Kay; *Films,* Robert Hatch; *Music,* David Hamilton; *White House Correspondent,* Robert Sherrill. *Correspondents: Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *London,* Raymond Williams; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*), Elizabeth Farnsworth & Stephen Talbot (*Dispatches*). *Contributing Editors,* Blair Clark, Christopher Hitchens, Gore Vidal. *Editorial Board:* James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Robert Lekachman, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe.

The Nation is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish III

Advertising Manager, Carole Kraemer; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeeper,* Gertrude Silverston; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Assistant to Publisher,* Laurie Lipper; *Circulation Manager,* Stephen King; *Classified,* Deborah Kriger; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates,* Claudine Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen; *Publishing Consultant,* Jack Berkowitz; *Circulation Consultant,* Deborah Begel.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1982 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel.: 212-242-8400. *Subscription Mail Address:* Nation Subscription Service, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Regular Subscription Price: One year, $30; two years, $50; six months, $15. Add $5 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $7 other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds. **Please allow 5-7 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries should be sent to: *The Nation,* Subscription Services, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305.

EDITORIALS.

Congress Update

Among the complaints we received in the aftermath of the American Writers Congress were (*1*) that too many of the writers present were rich and famous and that therefore the Congress was elitist; (*2*) that most of the writers in attendance "had yet to publish a book," to quote *Newsweek*, and that therefore the Congress was amateur night; (*3*) that the organizers of the Congress had secret political designs and were trying to use it to write the agenda for the left; (*4*) that the organizers of the Congress shouldn't have called it a "Congress" because the name was reminiscent of the Communist-front Writers Congresses of the 1930s (Alan Wald said this in the December 26, 1981, issue of *The Nation*); (*5*) that the Congress had no real politics and was merely a gigantic literary cocktail party; (*6*) that the organizers of the Congress didn't give enough support to the idea of a writers' union; (*7*) that the Congress was a plot to foist a writers' union on people who are by definition cantankerous and individualistic and therefore unsuitable for unionization; (*8*) that the Congress was intentionally designed to exclude consideration of serious literary issues; (*9*) that the Congress was chaotic and disorganized, permitting no real discussion of important cultural issues; (*10*) that blacks, gays, Latinos, feminists, Communists, Socialist Workers, the Communist Labor Party and various other special-interest groups had "taken over" the Congress; (*11*) that the culturally disenfranchised were underrepresented, and (*12*) that it wasn't really a *writers'* Congress since we never defined what we meant by "writer." One of the financial backers of the Congress, the

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
Johnson City
JAN 7 - 1982

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mobil Foundation, did more than criticize; it demanded its money back, saying that what took place wasn't at all what it had expected.)

We won't attempt to address each of these charges here, any more than we will try to list the far larger number of kudos we have received (an inventory that would be almost as riddled with contradictions as the one of criticisms is). Suffice it to say that if we had done all that our critics retroactively advised, the Congress would have been boring and predictable, and indeed might not have been held at all. Rather than dwell on the past, however, we will concentrate on the present (the executive committee has been meeting and recently mailed copies of a newsletter to Congress participants informing them of all that has been happening) and the future, of which we will only say this: the Congress has one. We shall, from time to time, discuss its evolving agenda in editorials and elsewhere in the magazine.

One final historical aside, however. We must respectfully disagree with Alan Wald's point in *The Nation* that it was a mistake to associate by name the American Writers Congress of 1981 with the heritage of the Writers Congresses of the 1930s because the latter were manipulated by the Communist Party through the League of American Writers and "created and enforced a certain type of cultural style on the left." We called it a Congress both *in spite of*, and *because of*, the heritage of the Congresses of the 1930s. What was valuable in that heritage was the assumption that art and politics ought not to be strangers to one another. Also, those Congresses took writers and writing seriously. Finally, they came to stand for more than mere dogma; they raised the possibility of constructive action. Precisely because the Congresses of the 1930s were Red-baited—and indeed correctly described as Communist fronts—it was a challenge to us to run an honest, open event with no hidden agenda, rather than give anyone a veto over the word "Congress."

An indication of how closely the American Writers Congress came to achieving its goals can be found in a story in *The New York Times* of December 20. Commenting on the great surge of support for a national writers' union at the Congress, the story went on to say:

> As a result, and buoyed by the apparent success of unions representing screenwriters, journalists and graphic artists, and by gains won by authors unions in a dozen foreign countries, an advance guard of writers throughout the country is choosing delegates for a National Writers Union they expect to launch next year. They are also preparing a list of grievances to tack on the door of Publishers' Row.

We support the idea of a writers' union wholeheartedly and urge our writer-readers to contact the Organizing Committee for a National Writers Union, Suite 239, 207 East 85th Street, New York, N.Y. 10028

QUICK BOOK REVIEW

YEAR-END REPORT ON THE JUDICIARY. By Chief Justice Warren Burger. Here in a plain wrapper is the report that, according to John Ehrlichman's widely leaked forthcoming memoirs, the C.J. wanted to deliver on national television as an annual "State of the Judiciary" speech. This year's message is that Federal judges are overburdened. Could it be that Burger's recent display of temper when he shoved a television newsman who had asked him about Ehrlichman's book was intended to dramatize how frazzled his nerves are from overwork? Greater love hath no C.J. than to lose his cool on TV for the Brethren.

The Guardians

During his glory years as a basketball player, first at Princeton University and then with the New York Knicks, Bill Bradley was the man his teammates looked for when they needed a big play with time running out and the game on the line. On Thursday, December 17, 1981, Senator Bill Bradley, Democrat of New Jersey, made the biggest play of his career, this time in a more sober arena. In the final seconds of the first session of the ninety-seventh Congress, Senator Bradley threatened to conduct a one-man filibuster against the names-of-agents bill [see editorials, *The Nation*, "Crying Wolf," August 30-September 6, 1980; and "Hanging Together," November 7, 1981]. His action caused supporters of the measure to shelve it until the next session. Thus defenders of the Bill of Rights have gained some precious time in which to make the case that freedom of the press should not be sacrificed to placate the spurious outrage of the Central Intelligence Agency.

It is a sad fact that there aren't many votes to be gained in New Jersey, or anywhere, by last-ditch defenses of our basic liberties. But that didn't intimidate Bradley, just as it didn't intimidate Senator Lowell Weicker, Republican of Connecticut, in his earlier lonely struggle to block the conservative assault on an independent judiciary. At the close of the constitutional convention, Benjamin Franklin was asked what kind of government the framers had created. He replied, "A republic—if you can keep it." This year's Ben Franklin Award goes to Bill Bradley and Lowell Weicker, for helping to keep it that way just a little longer.

Papal Visitors

Speaking to a group of reporters recently, Ronald Reagan's closest friend in the Senate, Paul Laxalt of Nevada, opined that God had spared Reagan's life after the March 30 assassination attempt for more important work than cutting the Federal budget. Laxalt thinks that the President is uniquely positioned to turn back the hands of the nuclear clock. Richard Nixon, after years of public opposition to China, could travel to Peking and open a new era in U.S.-China relations, Laxalt explained. Similarly, Reagan, whose past anti-Soviet pronouncements immunize him from accusations that he is a unilateral disarmer or soft on Moscow, can get the United States and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Soviet Union off the treadmill of ever-increasing nuclear arsenals.

Last month, Reagan received visitors at the White House who, although they were not sent by God, came as emissaries of His vicar on earth, Pope John Paul II. Papal delegations have also paid similar calls on President Leonid Brezhnev of the Soviet Union, President François Mitterrand of France and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher of Britain. To each leader they conveyed the Pope's message that the use of nuclear weapons would be immoral.

"Humanity must make a moral about-face," the Pope said last February in a speech in Hiroshima. Now, papal delegations have told the heads of state that he will conduct a major campaign for nuclear disarmament during his papacy. Visiting President Reagan were physicist Victor Weisskopf and microbiologist David Baltimore of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Dr. Howard Hiatt, dean of the Harvard School of Public Health, and Marshall W. Nirenberg, a professor of genetics and biochemistry at the National Institutes of Health.

Weisskopf, who worked at Los Alamos on the first atomic bomb and is a member of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences in Rome, and Hiatt did most of the talking during their twenty-minute session with Reagan. "We wanted to make the point that people who talk about winning or even surviving a nuclear war don't know the medical conditions," Hiatt said afterward.

To dramatize the point, Hiatt reminded Reagan of the care he had received after the assassination attempt. The wounded President was rushed to the George Washington University Hospital, where he received eight units of blood and the skilled ministrations of a team of doctors who were trained to handle emergencies. If even five victims of other shootings had arrived at the hospital at the same time, Hiatt told the President, the emergency facilities would have been overwhelmed. Hiatt then described the medical consequences of a one-megaton bomb striking Washington, D.C. The explosion would injure 800,000 people, each of whom would need medical attention. As much blood would be required as was used for transfusions in the entire country last year. Hospitals would be demolished, and many medical personnel would be killed or wounded.

Reagan said little during the meeting, according to the scientists. Weisskopf, who described their reception as "very courteous," thought the talk went well. When the Pontifical Academy's conclusion that nuclear weapons must never be used was mentioned, however, the President had no comment. At one point, Reagan did compare nuclear war to the biblical Armageddon, the ultimate battle between the forces of good and evil. He also contended that the United States must have as many nuclear weapons as the Soviet Union.

Reagan has mentioned Armageddon before. Earlier this year, Senator Howell Heflin of Alabama emerged from a White House meeting and was asked what he had discussed with the President. Heflin said that Reagan was worried about Armageddon and "kind of thinks the Soviets are going to be involved in it."

For months now, Hiatt has been conveying the message that a nuclear war is medically and morally unthinkable to conservative groups around the country. Armageddon may be God's plan, but clearly the Pope believes that a thermonuclear war falls under the heading of free will: just as men can start it, men can prevent it. One hopes, however, that President Reagan will fulfill the divine destiny foretold for him by Senator Laxalt and invest the anti-Soviet political capital he has accumulated over the years into negotiating a comprehensive nuclear disarmament treaty.

LEE LASCAZE

Lee Lascaze is a reporter for The Washington Post.

False Solidarity

The crowning tragedy of the Polish drama may well be that it is taking place during Ronald Reagan's Presidency. If ever there was a need for a professional American foreign policy without rhetoric and without rabble-rousing, now is the time; if ever there was an American foreign policy in which the amateurs, the guys holding forth at the neighborhood bar, seem to have taken charge, now is that time.

No one, left, center or right, ever thought that Poland was a model of democracy. What everyone moderately interested in political history did know was that the post-1945 Polish state came into being after a war in which Poland was almost wiped out by Germany, that it came into being as a painful compromise, and that it was an essential stone in whatever structure of peace and security the victors of that war managed to get into place.

The people of Solidarity could not really have thought that the structure of that state could be changed by referendum. But Reagan and Alexander Haig think, or pretend to think, that it can, if only the wicked Russians weren't there. Obviously they are there; Poland, between their western border and East Germany, is even more crucial to their idea of security than Hungary was in the 1950s.

Since we have established a United States south of our border (which has never been invaded) consisting almost solidly of right-wing military regimes, it is hard not to smell hypocrisy in the moral indignation and surprise voiced by Washington about the undemocratic regimes to the west of the Russian border. If Washington is *not* looking for confrontation and crisis, if it is *not* glad that the spotlight is shifting away from our disastrous economic situation, if it does *not* want to capitalize on Polish suffering—then this would be the moment for talks with Moscow on the highest level, for the creation of confidence and détente. Such talks would enable the Soviet leaders to look at Poland as more than a strategic problem, as more than a link in a defense ring against a confrontational and belligerent world.

HANS KONING

Hans Koning's latest novel, The Kleber Flight, *was published last autumn by Atheneum.*

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

I heard on the morning news that some kidnappers in the Bronx telephoned the wife of their victim with a demand for $100,000 in ransom money, and she talked them down to $30,000. The newscaster said the story had a happy ending—the victim was returned unharmed, the ransom money was recovered, the kidnappers were arrested—but all I could think of was how the man must have felt when, back in the bosom of his loving family at last, he discovered that his wife had him on discount special. I suppose a lot of people who heard the story took it as just one more indication that New York City is getting to be one of those places, like Bombay or Tijuana, where the price is always negotiable. They could probably imagine the victim's wife standing in front of some huge counter, poking at her husband the way she might poke at a cantaloupe, and saying, "A hundred grand for that! The way it's going soft around the sides already! You have the nerve to stand here and tell me that you are trying to charge one hundred thousand American dollars for *that*!"

Even a resident of the American Bombay, though, has to be disturbed at the prospect of having a loved one treat him the way she would treat an overripe cantaloupe. "What if I got kidnapped and they called demanding ransom money?" I asked my wife, after stewing over the Bronx caper for a couple of days. "I don't suppose you'd have any inclination to see if you could talk them into settling for thirty cents on the dollar, would you?"

"You're not going to get kidnapped," my wife said. "Why can't you just worry about high interest rates or acid rain or The Bomb, like normal people?"

As it happens, I didn't used to worry much about being kidnapped: I figured that kidnappers who were looking for good ransom prospects would automatically eliminate from consideration anyone publicly identified as an employee of Victor S. Navasky, the only magazine editor in New York who continues to maintain that columnists are exempt from the provisions of the minimum wage law. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised to hear that Navasky mentions that sort of thing to prospective employees when the discussion turns from salary to fringe benefits—a turn Navasky must make pretty abruptly, hoping that the jolt might loosen the prospect's grasp on the precise salary figure mentioned. Where another employer might mention medical plans or incentive bonuses, Navasky probably talks about what a relief it can be to be relatively free from the threat of kidnapping or the certainty of being solicited by the United Jewish Appeal or the complicated problems of tax shelters or any other inconveniences that must be faced daily by the prosperous.

After I heard the kidnapping story from the Bronx, though, it began to occur to me that the days when kidnappers limited their efforts to the better-known names of Manhattan cafe society may be over. It's possible that the sagging economy has driven kidnappers to the outer boroughs. I had to consider the possibility that some particularly desperate gang was staking out the garage in Brooklyn where I take my car to be repaired. If so, I'm in real danger: If a kidnapper tried to calculate my net worth by simply extrapolating from the amount of money I've poured into that wretched machine, he would figure me for eight or ten million dollars at the least.

All of which meant that I also had to consider the possibility that I might be the cantaloupe being discussed in a scene that flashed across my mind:

> KIDNAPPER: Look, lady, even at eighty grand I'd barely come out on the deal myself. I mean, with the price of getaway cars these days and—
>
> WIFE: You mean eighty thousand *before* we knock off the ten for softness around the sides, right?

"Don't get me wrong," I said to my wife. "Nobody could blame you for reminding the perpetrators that it's going to be impossible for this country to get inflation down to some manageable level unless people in every walk of life make some effort toward voluntary control of wages and prices."

"I've never understood why you don't get a hobby," my wife said.

Was it mere chance that she did not directly deny that she might ever consider me cut-rate merchandise? Was it really possible that she might respond to the dread call with a little dickering?

> KIDNAPPER: We got him, lady, and we want a hundred grand pronto.
>
> WIFE: (Long tactical silence)

"I suppose there's no reason to assume that just because someone happens to be your husband he's automatically worth the full sticker price," I said.

"Maybe you should get involved in some sort of volunteer work," she said. "Afternoons part-time at one of the thrift shops—something like that."

"Aside from some mileage on the odometer," I said, "I'm sure I have a few little faults that might be mentioned by someone interested in lowering the asking price just a little."

"You mean little faults like going on and on about some silly subject?" my wife said.

"Well, I hadn't actually thought of that, as a matter of fact." Then I did think of it:

> KIDNAPPER: Lady, he's driving us batty with all this talk about full sticker price.
>
> WIFE: Why don't we talk again tomorrow, after you've had a chance to get to know him a little better.

"Of course, adding that to some softness around the sides," my wife said. "Plus some mileage—quite a bit of mileage, really—on the odometer—"

"I don't think it's necessary to plan it all in detail," I said. "It's really very unlikely."

"You're right," my wife said. "And if the need to decide whether you're worth top dollar ever does arise, I can just ask the advice of Victor S. Navasky."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

CONTAMINATED DREAM

The Case of the Nuclear Turkeys

FRED J. COOK

When a Miami music teacher named Mark P. Oncavage picked a legal fight with Florida Power & Light (F.P.&L.), he hurled a stone at the nuclear Goliath. His suit before the Nuclear Regulatory Commission's Atomic Safety and Licensing Board revealed the nuclear power industry's financial vulnerability by publicizing the fact that many reactors presently in use, which were built in the 1970s for a few hundred million dollars, have deteriorated because of corrosion, metal embrittlement and other problems. As a result, they have become dangerous and must be completely rebuilt at several times the original cost.

Florida Power & Light has two such cripples—its Turkey Point Units 3 and 4, which are located on the shores of Biscayne Bay. The company estimates that dismantling and rebuilding the two plants, which were constructed for $120 million each, will cost $468 million. (This figure is disputed by outside experts, who put the cost at closer to $730 million.) F.P.&L. is not the only power company experiencing such problems; at least twenty-five other plants elsewhere in the nation are deteriorating much as the Turkey Point units are, and it will cost billions of dollars to repair them. Moreover, retrofitting these plants will produce tons of radioactive nuclear waste in the form of discarded reactors, pipes, tubing and other equipment. Disposal of this contaminated equipment will be a major problem.

Although the highly publicized accident at Three Mile Island in March 1979 jolted the nuclear power industry, most people saw it as an isolated incident. There is little public awareness of the chronic technical problems afflicting many plants. Oncavage's suit focused attention on these problems. A music teacher for ten years, Oncavage became concerned about environmental issues after taking some college courses in his spare time. And when F.P.&L.'s troubles at Turkey Point made news, he decided to act.

"I saw a lot of problems that no one was paying any attention to," he told me. "Not the power company, not the government, not the Nuclear Regulatory Commission." With Miami attorney Neil Chonin representing him, he filed an action to intervene in the hearings on F.P.&L.'s application for an amendment to its original license, which would permit it to tear apart and rebuild Turkey Point 3 and 4.

The arguments before the Atomic Safety and Licensing Board and the board's decision of May 29, 1981, reveal a chronicle of nuclear misadventure. Turkey Point 3 went into operation on December 14, 1972; Turkey Point 4 came on line September 3, 1973. By 1974, F.P.&L. admitted, "the sodium phosphate secondary water chemistry treatment for the steam generators was converted to an all-volatile chemistry treatment. Following the conversion, in 1975, certain corrosion-related problems such as denting of steam generator tubes began to occur." And by December 13, 1977, the problem had become so serious that F.P.&L. notified the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and requested permission to rebuild.

In its decision on F.P.&L.'s application, the licensing board summed up the difficulties at Turkey Point:

> The wastage and denting phenomena have led to . . . several instances of coolant leakage through cracked tubes. As of November 1980, tube plugging for various reasons has resulted in removing about 20 percent of the steam generator tubes in Unit 3 and about 24 percent of the tubes in Unit 4 from continuing service. . . .

Denting occurs when a buildup of rust pinches the tubing at its support plates inside the generator; wastage refers to the destruction of the tubes' inner walls by rust. The tubes carry hot, radioactive coolant water from the reactor's uranium core and discharge it in an adjacent stream or body of water. There are 3,200 tubes in each generator, so defective ones can be sealed without a loss of power—up to a point. Plugging at the Turkey Point plants was so extensive that generators were operating at only 65 percent of capacity.

The Turkey Point units were designed by Westinghouse and equipped with machinery built by the company. So were twenty other nuclear generators in the United States. All have experienced similar tubing and cracking problems—as have some generators built by another firm, Combustion Engineering. Virginia Electric Power's Surrey plant, which was designed by Westinghouse, has already been rebuilt, and three other applications for retrofitting operations are pending before the N.R.C.

"Back when the first nuclear plants were built," Oncavage said, "everybody considered nuclear power a terrific idea. They didn't see the problems. They didn't understand the hazards of working in a plant that was gradually becoming completely contaminated. Now it's extremely dangerous to workers who have to go in and try to take it apart."

Oncavage and Chonin, joined by Joel V. Lumer, a Miami attorney representing Floridians United for Safe Energy, argued before the N.R.C.'s licensing board that F.P.&L.'s application to rebuild the Turkey Point units should be held up for at least a year until it could be determined that repairs had corrected the flaws at the Surrey plant. "There is no proof that Westinghouse has solved the problem," Lumer said. "Westinghouse thinks it has, but is it just guessing? There is no guarantee that the plants, once repaired, won't break down again."

Oncavage added: "The nuclear industry has changed designs for various plants, but the problems are generic. Between Combustion Engineering and Westinghouse, there

Fred J. Cook writes frequently for The Nation *on energy issues.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are twenty-five of these plants in the nation that are suffering from the same kind of corrosion, and they haven't been able to solve the problem. Florida Power & Light has added insult to injury by ordering new Westinghouse generators to replace Westinghouse generators." He laughed ironically. "It will get the usual one-year Westinghouse guarantee."

In permitting F.P.&L. to go ahead with its rebuilding plan, the licensing board cited a staff report that concluded: "A number of changes have been made in the materials, the design, and the operating procedure for the replacement steam generators to assure that the corrosion and denting problems will not recur." The new steam generator design, the report said, "incorporates features that will eliminate the potential for the various forms of tube degradation observed to date." It added: "[It] is *assumed* that the life of the repair is the remainder of the plant life, or about thirty years. *There is no guarantee of this plant life*; however, the Staff safety review found no reason to doubt that steam generators would last the life of the plant." (Emphasis added.)

One accepts this *assumption* with some hesitancy; in the brave new world of nuclear energy, things have rarely gone as planned. Certainly the Turkey Point repairs have not gone as planned. The licensing board described the power company's proposed course of action:

> FPL plans to repair all six generators in Turkey Point Units 3 and 4. The Unit 4 steam generators have the most tubes plugged and, therefore, would be repaired first. The repair of Turkey Point 3 generators is expected to begin about one year later. Since FPL experiences operating peaks of longer duration in the summer, and the repair is expected to take from six to nine months per unit, the repair should be started in the fall to be completed before the next summer peak demand.

But it didn't happen that way once work began. F.P.&L., in a footnote to its final brief, explained: "However, because of an unplanned repair outage at Turkey Point Unit No. 3, the repairs were, in fact, commenced on Unit 3 immediately following the authorization of the operating license amendments on June 24, 1981."

Oncavage, who has monitored the repair work closely, contended that Number 4 was the newer plant—and the worst plant—and should have been dismantled first. But in May a steam generator in Number 3 blew, which meant that the plant would have had to be closed down anyhow. F.P.&L. decided to repair that plant right away and to struggle along with Number 4. But now there is another problem. One of the reactors in Number 4 is suffering from embrittlement. This is in the actual core, and it results from the fact that the metal has changed its characteristics. The great fear now is thermal shock from a sudden gush of cool water if something gives way, Oncavage said. "If this should happen and the core should blow, you can evacuate all of southern Florida. And the thing is, nobody knows what to do about it."

The embrittlement Oncavage spoke of has occurred in the eight-inch-thick steel shield that surrounds the radioactive core. The N.R.C. has admitted that the constant bombardment of this shield by neutrons from the reactor has altered the metal, making it brittle and weak. This has happened not just at Turkey Point but at seven other nuclear plants around the nation. "The pressure vessel of any reactor has to be considered inviolate," said Karl Kniel, a branch chief in the N.R.C.'s division of safety technology. "If it were breached, there would be no assurance that we could keep the reactor in a condition that would not lead to a fuel meltdown."

The "thermal shock" Oncavage mentioned actually happened in 1978 at the Rancho Seco nuclear power plant in California. A sudden infusion of cool water caused the temperature inside the pressure vessel to drop 300 degrees in an hour. Fortunately, this plant had been in operation for only three years, and the protective shield had not become brittle.

If the entire pressure vessel at Turkey Point 4 should have to be replaced, it would represent a mammoth task, far beyond the one currently under way at Turkey Point 3. And the costs would be even more astronomical.

Oncavage argued that energy conservation measures along with solar energy would save more megawatts in sunny Florida than the Turkey Point plants could produce. The hundreds of millions of dollars being spent to recondition the plants was "money thrown away," he said. His argument, though not heeded by the N.R.C., seemed especially relevant after F.P.&L. had to shut down Turkey Point 3 during the mid-summer peak usage period instead of in the fall and winter as had been originally planned.

The additional electricity the company needed for its 2.2 million customers had to be purchased from plants in southern Georgia at a cost that F.P.&L. estimated at $756,000 a day. Repairs will take 270 days, and when work is started on Turkey Point 4, power-replacement costs will soar to $809,000 a day. Two-thirds of consumers' bills go to pay for this imported electricity, Lumer has said. As a result, bills of $200 to $300 a month are not uncommon.

The saga of F.P.&L.'s two Turkeys raises other issues. Oncavage argued in his intervention briefs that the availability of alternative sources of energy should be weighed by the N.R.C. before granting F.P.&L.'s request to rebuild its nuclear plants. The environmental impact of dismantlement should also be considered, he contended. But the licensing board rejected these arguments, claiming that the issues had been settled when the original licenses for the plants were granted.

Oncavage demonstrated that the only alternatives considered in the original licensing procedure were different sites for the plants and whether their wastes should be discharged into Biscayne Bay or Cord Sound. Conservation measures that might eliminate the need for nuclear power weren't considered, nor was the increased use of solar power, a potentially important energy source in Florida. Forty years

NEXT WEEK

Special Issue on "Nuclear Disarmament: The Soviet Peace Movement's View." A Reply to E. P. Thompson by Roy and Zhores A. Medvedev.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ago, before electricity became so "cheap," the use of the sun's rays to heat water was widespread in the state.

The narrow interpretation that enabled the licensing board to dismiss Oncavage's environmental-impact arguments becomes especially significant in view of the hazards posed by radioactive fixtures in the dismantled plants. The initial danger is to the workers. In the course of dismantling the Surrey Plant in Virginia, workers who entered the reactor to cut apart pipes and tubing were exposed to almost double the safe level of radiation. As a result, F.P.&L. has adopted a method of removal that would subject workers to less exposure to contaminated materials.

A far more serious problem is disposing of the radioactive equipment from the two plants, including three steam generators in each, weighing 200 tons apiece. "They are completely contaminated and radioactive to the core," Oncavage pointed out. "The power company was going to store them in a building with a dirt floor only 1,300 feet from Biscayne Bay. We fought so hard that we won at least one victory. The power company built a hill with the building on top into which the generators will be placed on a six-inch concrete floor. [The "hill" is actually a mound seventeen and a half feet high.] Then they added 180 feet of buffer to protect the hill from waves in Biscayne Bay in case of a hurricane or storm.

"So the steam generators will be sealed up in this building, but other radioactive wastes are being stored in drums outside the plant. The N.R.C. let me go in and study the situation—the only time, I think, that an outsider has been granted such permission—but then they gagged me. They said I couldn't disclose any of the data I had gathered to anyone."

In one of his last briefs, however, Oncavage entered into the record the fact that 1,312 fifty-five-gallon drums containing wastes produced in generating electricity are already stored at the site. In addition, he argued, even the N.R.C.'s own studies showed that "between 1,100 cubic meters and 2,300 cubic meters of low level waste, per unit, will be generated by these repairs. This is in addition to the lower assemblies of the steam generators."

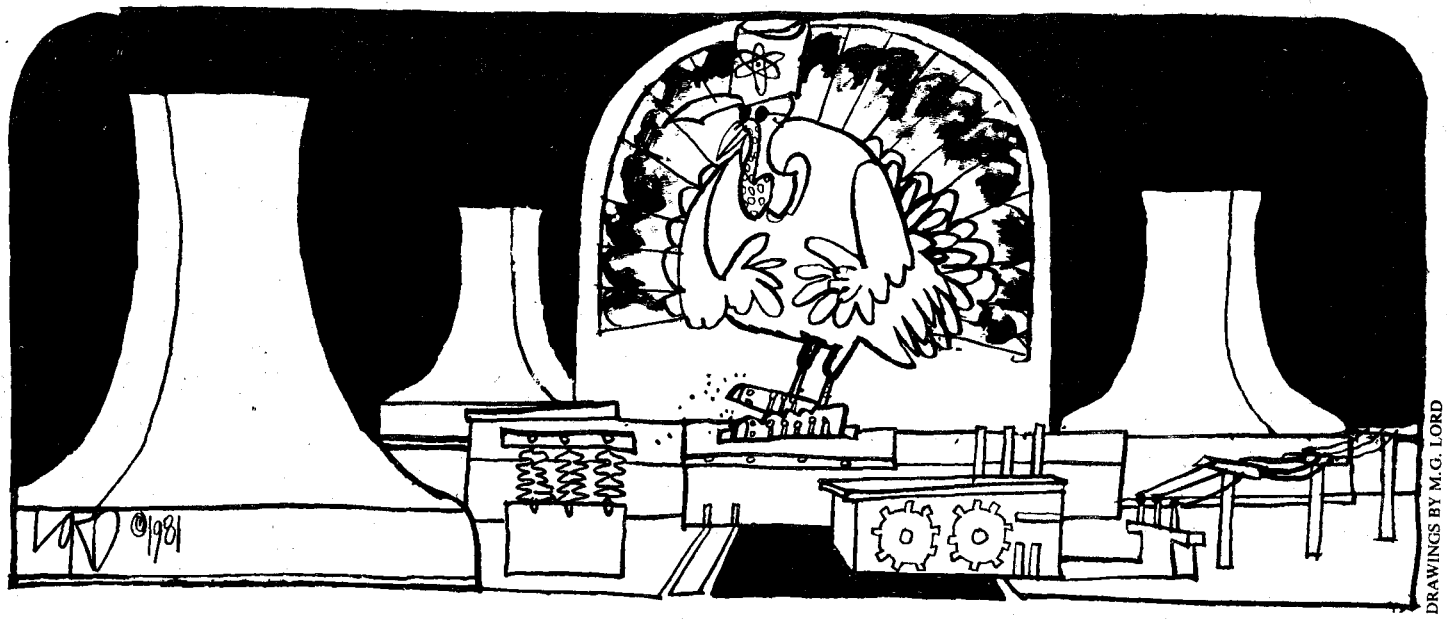
How does F.P.&L. plan to dispose of this deadly stuff? In the past, nuclear wastes have been stored at the Federal government's Barnwell, South Carolina, nuclear-waste storage facility. But Barnwell has become so overloaded that it has cut back on the quantity of wastes it will accept. Oncavage has estimated that the enormous amount of radioactive debris from the dismantling of the two Turkeys will have to be stored in an additional 10,000 drums. Turkey Point could become a permanent dumping ground, and the wastes there might leak into Biscayne Bay, contaminating fish and entering the food chain.

"Anyone who knows Miami weather," Oncavage said, "realizes that there is a lot of heat and humidity here. Drums rust and corrode rather rapidly. Yet pipes, tubing and other radioactive wastes torn out of the plant are being stored on the ground in these drums and boxes. The amount of waste indicates the hazard. At a minimum, there will be 70,000 cubic feet of wastes from the two plants, and the total could rise to 180,000 cubic feet. There are many different estimates on the amount of the wastes and the degree of toxicity."*

Whatever figure one accepts, the situation at Turkey Point is scary. But Turkey Point is more than a local issue; it is indicative of a national problem. As Oncavage said in one of his briefs, citing government studies:

> Fifteen Westinghouse nuclear power units have had adverse experience with their steam generators. . . . Three licensees with Westinghouse units have already filed Steam Generator Repair Reports seeking license amendments to make repairs. . . . There is a good probability that twelve more applications will be filed. Each of these repair projects will cost hundreds of millions of dollars. In total, the deci-

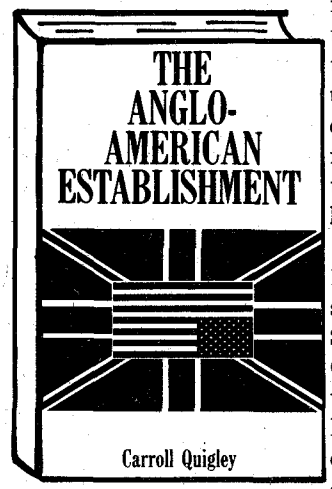
*The Atomic Safety and Licensing Appeal Board rejected Oncavage's appeal in a decision in early December. In doing so, it ruled it did not have to consider the environmental issue. About the same time, F.P.&L. announced that it had removed all the drums and boxes Oncavage had found at Turkey Point, sending what Barnwell could not take to a storage facility at Hanford, Washington. It is not clear what will be done with the *new* radioactive material accumulated from the dismantling of the two plants.



DRAWINGS BY M.G. LORD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ESTABLISHMENT
Carroll Quigley



One of the most remarkable books of our time. It is not an exaggeration to say that 20th century political, military and economic history cannot be fully understood without the heretofore unknown keys presented in this book.

Carroll Quigley (1910-1977) was a highly respected professor at the School of Foreign Service at Georgetown University. He was an instructor at Princeton and Harvard; a consultant to the U.S. Dept. of Defense, the U.S. Navy and the House Commission on Astronautics and Space Exploration. His other works include *Tragedy and Hope* and *Evolution of Civilizations.*

368 pages • 0-916728-50-1 • $20 • March

BOOKS IN FOCUS, INC.
160 East 38 St., 31B, New York, NY 10016

The Nation.
SPECIAL ISSUE
MYTHS ABOUT THE MIDDLE EAST

'MYTHS ABOUT THE MIDDLE EAST' Is Available At LOW BULK RATES

_____1 copy $3
_____10 copies $8
_____50 copies $30
_____100 copies $50
_____1,000 copies $300

A special issue of *The Nation* (December 5) devoted to breaking the logomachy jam in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict by subjecting the emotion-sodden rhetoric that weighs down current thinking to a blast of fresh ideas. With stereotype-toppling articles by Boas Evron, Edward Said, Christopher Hitchens, Sadik Al-Azm, Edward Mortimer and Michael Reisman.

Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____

Please make check or money order payable to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

sions on how to remedy the problem caused by a combination of the need for energy and tube degradation in Westinghouse nuclear power units will involve the commitment of billions of dollars.

The Turkey Point experience, which opens up a whole new chapter in the growing account of the potential hazards of nuclear power, comes at a time when the nuclear industry faces a host of problems. Design changes mandated after the near-meltdown at Three Mile Island, escalating construction costs, high interest rates and technical uncertainties have combined to give many utilities second thoughts about nuclear power.

§ Boston Edison has canceled plans to build a nuclear reactor at Plymouth, Massachusetts. Construction and financing costs, estimated at $400 million when the plant was first proposed in 1971, had soared to $4 billion.

§ The Washington Public Power Supply System in Seattle has decided to spend $150 million to mothball two partially completed nuclear plants until at least July 1983 because $2.5 billion raised by a bond issue to finance them has been exhausted.

§ Errors in engineering calculations have been found in California's controversial Diablo Canyon nuclear plant, located by the Pacific Gas & Electric Company only three miles from the Hosgri Fault, a part of the San Andreas system. The N.R.C., which has admitted that it "knew the location was wrong," is now re-evaluating the entire project.

§ In New York State, Consolidated Edison is encountering leakage problems at its Indian Point Number 2 and Number 3 plants that are similar to those at Turkey Point. Like F.P.&L., it has had to plug some defective tubing, and it fears that the eight-year-old Indian Point 2 (which was supposed to last for forty years) may have to be shut down completely for a year in order to make repairs tentatively estimated to cost $100 million.

§ In Georgia, Texas and Indiana, work is behind schedule, and some companies are trying to shed commitments to build nuclear plants costing from $4 billion to $5 billion. To make matters worse, all of the nation's seventy-two operating plants must now install new and safer electrical equipment to insure that reactor cores will remain cool in the event of an accident. In May 1980, the N.R.C. set June 30 of this year as the deadline for the completion of this work, but few, if any, of the plants are likely to be ready by that time.

Even if complaisant public-service commissions pass on the costs of industry's mistakes to helpless consumers, the problems are still too immense for the utilities to handle. An article in the August/September issue of *Technology Review* reported: "There is a de facto moratorium on reactor orders in the United States and ten other countries, nuclear energy has been abandoned in at least seven countries, and one country, Sweden, recently voted to phase out nuclear power permanently within 25 years."

As Mark Oncavage says, "Nuclear power is just not economically feasible." And that, more than anything else, is likely to spell the end of our flirtation with the nuclear millenium. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIET-VET SYNDROME

The Long War of Wayne Felde

DOUG MAGEE

A 21-year-old Yale University student named Maya Ying Lin recently won the design competition for a national memorial to honor Vietnam veterans. Her plan calls for a sunken structure to be erected on a plot of land in Washington, D.C., between the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument. On it will be inscribed the names of the 57,692 men and women who died in the war, listed in the chronological order of their deaths, the last names meeting the first. Lin, who was 8 years old at the time of the Tet Offensive, explained her underlying idea: "Thus the war's beginning and end meet; the war is 'complete,' coming full circle."

If Lin and the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund Inc., which selected her design, think the war is over, they should travel to the Caddo Parish jail in Shreveport, Louisiana, and listen to the story of Wayne Robert Felde, a 31-year-old Vietnam veteran who spent his twentieth year in the jungles of the Central Highlands near Pleiku. It is a story that encapsulates all the problems plaguing a significant number of the 2.8 million American men and women who served in Vietnam and for whom the war goes on.

Felde was sentenced to death on February 13 of last year for the 1978 killing of a Shreveport policeman [see Lucinda Franks, "Soldiers' Pay," *The Nation*, October 25, 1980]. In his statement to the court before sentencing he said: "I am not a criminal but a troubled and wrecked man. Like many other vets I know what Vietnam did to me. . . . Critical wounds do not always pierce the skin, but enter the hearts and minds and dreams of those that are only begging for help so badly needed."

The members of the jury, some of whom wept during the trial, agreed with the defense's contention that Felde's actions in Shreveport had their antecedents in Vietnam. Nevertheless, they convicted him of first-degree murder and complied with his request that he be sentenced to death rather than life imprisonment without hope of psychiatric care. In doing so, the jury was speaking for an entire nation that does not wish to hear the cries for help of the war's survivors.

Felde grew up in a white, middle-class family in Maryland. After graduating from high school in 1967, he planned to attend veterinary school, but he lacked the money and enlisted in the Army instead. Eager to go to Vietnam, he buttonholed a colonel in the corridors of the Pentagon and begged to be sent, even though, as the sole surviving son of a World War II veteran, he was exempt. He arrived in Vietnam in March of 1968, on the day he turned 19.

The average age of American enlisted men in Vietnam was 19. Most of them believed in the war. For many, like Felde, Vietnam was their first time away from home and their initiation into adulthood. Unlike their counterparts in World War II, whose average age was 26, who traveled to the war as a company and fought and came home as a company to a tumultuous welcome, the soldiers in Vietnam were sent off to war as individuals and, when their twelve months were up, were flown back to the United States as individuals. There was no group support, no decompression period. The psychological dislocation engendered by this depersonalized system cast a shadow on Felde's postwar life.

A week after he arrived in Vietnam, Felde was flown by helicopter to Landing Zone Polly Ann near Kontum. He couldn't join his unit immediately because they were away fighting Vietcong. When the helicopters returned with the casualties, he unloaded dead bodies until nightfall. The next day he joined a firefight that lasted two hours. Afterward, he and another soldier went to recover the body of their squad's point man, who had been captured and killed and subsequently napalmed by U.S. air strikes. When Felde attempted to pick up the corpse, the legs came off. Felde vomited, then stuffed the remains into a body bag. "That's when I started smoking grass," he told me. "I stayed loaded the whole year I was over there. The captain smoked, the lieutenant smoked, everybody smoked. I'd get up in the morning and have a pipe with my coffee. We'd be on patrol and I'd fire up the pipe. Seven or eight times we were on patrol and men ahead of me or behind me would get shot and I'd be stoned, walking along, reading *Playboy*. I wasn't paying attention. Why I didn't get it I'll never know."

During his year in Vietnam, Felde saw and experienced things that even today he cannot talk about without crying or blocking out part of the memory or breaking down completely. He held the quivering intestines of a friend dying of a mortar-round wound. He watched a lieutenant perform a "gook abortion"—slicing open the abdomen of a pregnant Vietnamese woman with a machete. He participated in retaliatory raids on villages in which innocent people were killed, while the Vietcong vanished into the jungle.

He began to hate the war, especially the napalm strikes, and he grew to despise the "gooks" who killed his buddies. Because the fighting stopped during downpours, he came to love the rain—and still does. The sight of rice on a plate can trigger horrifying memories or vivid flashbacks that resemble psychotic hallucinations.

Such recurring memories used to be called "shell shock," but the Vietnam War spawned a bureaucratic terminology—"delayed stress syndrome," or "post-traumatic stress." The terms denote a panoply of symptoms: devastating nightmares, depression, flashbacks, confusion, extreme anger and psychotic episodes. But their clinical impersonality obfuscates the horrors experienced periodically by half a million veterans, according to the Veterans Administration's estimates. John Wilson, a psychologist who has studied more than 500 cases of post-

Doug Magee is a freelance writer and photographer and author of Slow Coming Dark: Interviews on Death Row *(Pilgrim Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

traumatic stress, believes that the irruption of its symptoms among Vietnam veterans will increase, peaking in 1990.

The veterans' psychological problems derive from the unique unpopularity of the war and the hostility many of them met upon returning home. Felde left Vietnam only three days after his platoon had been caught in a harrowing sniper attack. He was flown to Fort Lewis, Washington, where he had a four-hour layover before leaving for home. Still in uniform, he walked into town, where he was spit at and pelted with bottles. This treatment caught him by surprise, but afterward he wore his uniform as infrequently as possible. He avoided talking about the war, and did not even admit to civilians that he was in the service. His remaining time in the Army was spent as a lifeguard at Fort Dix and cleaning clogged toilets at Fort Meade. He went AWOL several times, drank heavily and was nearly killed when he wrapped his new car around a tree. He left the Army in 1970 and spent the next two years in and out of college and holding fifteen jobs ("You can check my Social Security record. I was never fired. I always quit"). He married his high-school sweetheart; the marriage lasted six months. He still could not talk to anyone about his experiences, and his mother, a nurse, suggested that he see a psychiatrist. He refused. "I was afraid to mention my problems because I thought they'd put me in the nuthouse for the rest of my life," he said. His nightmares grew worse; once, when his sister awakened him for breakfast, he threw her across the room.

Felde's behavior was not unusual. The most extensive study of Vietnam veterans thus far, "Legacies of Vietnam: Comparative Adjustment of Veterans and Their Peers," which was conducted by the Center for Policy Research for several veterans' groups in 1973 and released by the Veterans Administration last March, compares veterans' adjustment to civilian life with the performance of nonveterans of the same age. The study found that ex-soldiers who had been involved in heavy combat, particularly those who had served from 1968 to 1974, experienced the most severe problems following their release from the service. Symptoms included lingering trauma from combat, lack of interest in normal activities, explosive anger, confusion, loss of self-confidence and nightmares about the war. While 46 percent of the nonveterans in the study finished college, only 22 percent of the Vietnam veterans graduated. According to the study:

> In the first three years following release from the military white Vietnam veterans display an erratic pattern of changes in occupational level, with mean downward movement in the second year. This is a very unusual pattern for labor market entrants and provides support for the proposition that the negative effects of duty in Vietnam result from problems occurring in the homecoming period.

Nearly one-third of the veterans of heavy fighting said that the war's impact on their lives and their emotional well-being had been decidedly negative.

Yet when these veterans left the service, they found no one to help them cope with their problems. Alone when they went to Vietnam, they were alone and alienated in a nation in the throes of antiwar sentiment when they returned. The V.A. hospitals were and still are ill equipped to handle the psychological problems of readjustment. The Veterans Administration, like the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, has treated Vietnam veterans with indifference—some might say disdain. Not until 1978 did the V.A. set up "outreach" centers to handle the veterans' psychological problems. These centers proved to be enormously helpful. Yet despite President Reagan's revisionist view of the war as a "noble cause," his Administration has displayed a callousness toward the people who served in Vietnam. Fortunately, its attempt to rescind funding for the ninety-one centers was blocked by Congress.

For many veterans, like Felde, help came too little or too late. In 1972, while on a drinking spree, Felde got into an argument with a co-worker. As they struggled for a gun, the man was killed. When the police arrived, Felde, screaming about Vietnam, fired shots over their heads. He finally surrendered to his mother. At the trial, his lawyer did not mention the fact that he had served in Vietnam, and Felde was convicted of first-degree murder, which was later reduced to manslaughter. After spending three years in Maryland prisons, his application for parole under the reduced charge was denied. In 1976, Felde escaped from a minimum-security facility.

By most estimates there are now about 30,000 Vietnam veterans behind bars. More than 100,000 have been jailed since the war began. The figures in the Center for Policy Research study are telling, though understated, since jailed veterans were not interviewed. Heavy-combat veterans, especially those who are white, have a very high rate of arrest: 26 percent as opposed to 14 percent for the nonveteran control group. Curiously, few veterans who had been arrested before entering the service were arrested after they left, suggesting a direct cause-and-effect relationship between combat and trouble with the law. Unlike Felde, most veterans were charged with misdemeanors. The stereotype of violent, trained killers returning to the United States was not borne out by the study. A more accurate characterization would be troubled and wrecked men ending up behind bars after years of disorientation and confusion.

After his escape, Felde spent the next two years on the run. Unable to adjust to life outside the Army or to talk about his problems, he continued to drink heavily and work only sporadically. He also sensed a deepening depression as well as physiological changes. His tolerance for alcohol dropped markedly, suggesting liver dysfunction. Only now does he think he knows what has happened to his body.

Felde fought in a sector of Vietnam that received a high concentration of the defoliant Agent Orange. Before his unit would move in, the Air Force would spray the area liberally with the defoliant, which contained the dioxin-contaminated herbicide 2,4,5-T (a total of 12 million gallons were sprayed on jungle and farmland during the war), in order to destroy the enemy's cover. Often it would take as long as a week for the trees to die. Felde remembers that his unit was once trapped without provisions and the men could

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

find nothing to eat but boiled leaves. On another occasion he drank river water and the moisture dripping off big leaves in a heavily contaminated area. He is convinced that each time he consumed large amounts of the herbicide.

The deleterious effects of Agent Orange have long been suspected, but only recently have V.A. hospitals accepted veterans' claims that exposure to the defoliant was the cause of a variety of complaints, including various cancers, liver dysfunctions, decreased immunity, a rash called chloracne and birth defects in their children. In 1979, the Environmental Protection Agency banned the use of 2,4,5-T in situations where people would be exposed; dioxin is one of the most toxic substances known. Yet it took a lawsuit to force the V.A. to inform veterans that exposure to Agent Orange may have been harmful. Of the 2.4 million veterans who were probably exposed to the herbicide only 40,000 have sought help from the V.A.

That number may change, however. Last June, by a vote of 98 to 0, the Senate, following the lead of the House, passed a bill ordering the V.A. to give priority treatment to Vietnam veterans with ailments they suspect were caused by exposure to the defoliant. A panel of scientists appointed by the Federal government recently recommended that a comprehensive study of Agent Orange's effects be undertaken. The Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta have begun a study of birth defects that might be related to the herbicide, and several studies are being conducted by veterans' groups.

As yet, there has been no morbidity and mortality study of veterans. But there is already evidence that Agent Orange has harmful long-term effects. Dr. Tong That Tung, a respected Vietnamese scientist, studied soldiers in the Vietnamese Army who had served in areas where Agent Orange was sprayed and found high rates of birth defects among their children, higher than normal rates of miscarriage and premature births among their wives, and a higher than normal rate of sterility. The full study will be published in the *New England Journal of Medicine* this fall. (Damage suits in Federal courts against the manufacturer of Agent Orange, the Dow Chemical Company, appear to have been ruled out by a recent Supreme Court refusal to review a lower court decision denying such claims. Several state courts have permitted these suits, however.)

Even if the V.A. hospitals begin to treat Agent Orange casualties, a significant number of veterans will not be eligible. Some 614,000 Vietnam veterans received less-than-honorable discharges, and approximately half of them can be denied all benefits.

For Wayne Felde, of course, the question of benefits was irrelevant, since he was a fugitive from the law. In the summer of 1978, he surfaced. His mother was dying of cancer in Shreveport. Her death was traumatic, and only a week after she died, Felde killed a Shreveport policeman while under arrest. The incident has not yet been fully explained, but there is strong evidence to suggest that Felde, who had a concealed .357 magnum which had been overlooked by the arresting officer, was actually trying to kill himself in the back seat of the police car. When the officer tried to stop him, the gun went off. The officer was killed by an errant bullet that split on a seat spring and severed a vein in his groin.

In the past three years, Felde has made several suicide attempts. The most recent coincided with the release of the fifty-two American hostages from Iran. Upon their return there was an upsurge of patriotism. A warm welcome awaited them, and ample psychiatric care. Felde's reaction was to slit his wrists and scrawl "White Collar Heroes" in blood on the pale yellow walls of his cell in the parish jail.

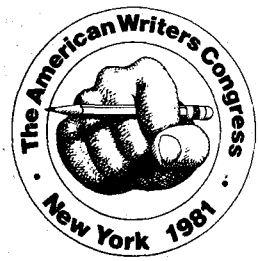
Some veterans' groups claim that the number of suicides of Vietnam veterans is equal to the number of combat casualties. While no accurate figures are available, if one adds the suicides to deaths in automobile accidents, deaths from drug overdoses and excessive alcohol use, and deaths in which suicidal tendencies may be involved, the total might well be equal to the number of casualties in the war. A Presidential Review Memorandum from a 1978 study of suicides among Vietnam veterans found that the suicide rate for soldiers who had served in Vietnam was 23 percent higher than it was for nonveterans in the same age group.

For the present, Felde is a survivor. He has survived twelve months of fierce combat. He has survived a car crash, two struggles for guns in which others were killed, suicide attempts and massive injuries from the shotgun blasts that felled him when he was captured after the Shreveport fracas. He has lost a kidney and part of his liver, and his right leg is crippled. Alive, Felde is a reminder that the longest war in U.S. history, and the only one it ever lost, has penetrated the bones and hearts and minds and dreams of those who fought it, and that it festers still.

Felde and the thousands of other veterans who cry out for our attention are in a sense sounding an alarm for future generations, according to Robert Muller, himself a crippled

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN WRITERS CONGRESS POSTERS



Designed by Walter Bernard, this beautiful four-color poster commemorates the American Writers Congress. The poster measures 18 x 26 inches and costs only $5.00 (includes postage and handling).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please make check or money order payable to The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011

WC8201

MISSING SOMETHING?

If you were unable to attend some of the panels at the American Writers Congress, or even if you just want to hear distinguished writers such as Toni Morrison, E. L. Doctorow and Arthur Miller who participated in the panels and sessions at the Congress, *don't miss out*. Audio cassettes of the most dramatic events of the Congress are *now available* for individual, classroom and institutional use—for only $7.99 per cassette (plus handling).

Available tapes:

- ☐ Welcoming Address
- ☐ Eros, Language and Pornography
- ☐ How the Culture Industry Shapes Culture
- ☐ The Political Economy of the Culture
- ☐ Have Writers Discarded History?
- ☐ The Politics of Literacy
- ☐ Libel as a Political Weapon
- ☐ Theater as Popular Culture
- ☐ The Future of Investigative Reporting
- ☐ Self-Publishing Workshop
- ☐ Language as Ideology
- ☐ Working-Class Fiction
- ☐ Screenwriting
- ☐ Why a Union?
- ☐ *And Others!!!!*

Send $7.99 for each cassette to: Cultural Products, Room 100, One Penn Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10001

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(All orders add $1.50 postage • New York State residents add 8% tax • allow 8 weeks for delivery)

WC8201

veteran and executive director of the largest veterans group, Vietnam Veterans of America. Muller, who traveled to Hanoi last month with three other veterans to discuss Agent Orange research and missing American servicemen with Vietnamese officials, has said, "What drives the Vietnam veteran is not so much his own particular situation, although for some guys it's a very stressful and difficult situation. But it's more than that. It's the issues that were at the heart of the Vietnam era."

Wayne Felde's war could end at last in the electric chair at the state prison in Angola, Louisiana. The tragedy of such an execution would be twofold. A man whose problems are rooted in service to his country would be put to death by his fellow citizens. And a voice we desperately need to hear would be silenced. If his life is ended by 2,300 volts of electricity, Wayne Felde's name should be the last one listed on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial—"coming full circle." □

THE BIOSAFETY CONTROVERSY

Gene Splicing—Not in *Our* Town

ELLEN CANTAROW

Legend has it that the struggle to regulate gene splicing in Massachusetts, the cradle of its birth, began in 1976 with a story in *The Boston Phoenix* about work with recombinant DNA at Harvard University. *The Phoenix* story supposedly outraged some ecology-minded scientists, who tipped off Cambridge Mayor Al Vellucci. However he learned about it, Vellucci called two special summer meetings of the City Council to consider the dangers recombinant DNA laboratories pose to surrounding communities.

"Refrain from using the alphabet," Vellucci told the bioengineers he had asked to testify at the first session. "We don't understand your alphabet, so spell it out for us so we will know exactly what you are talking about." Vellucci's words summed up years of working-class distrust of Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, both of which have long records of incursions into the neighborhoods where Vellucci (now a councilman) draws much of his support. So Harvard's proposal to build a gene-splicing lab in the city was unlikely to get a warm reception. "Do you dump chemicals into the Cambridge sewer system?" Vellucci asked one Harvard scientist. "Naturally chemicals are dumped into the sewer system by us, by industry and by . . ." the scientist started to reply. But Vellucci cut him off: "I am asking you if *you* dump chemicals in the Cambridge sewer system." "Certainly I

Ellen Cantarow, author of Moving the Mountain: Women Working for Social Change *(The Feminist Press), writes widely on political issues and is working on a book on the politics of medicine.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do," the scientist answered. "O.K.," Vellucci said, "we will send some investigators down there to check exactly what you are dumping."

Vellucci was true to his word. Out of the City Council meetings came an ordinance requiring the gene-splicing laboratories to pay for periodic city inspections. "That was unique," said Sheldon Krimsky. "No community has ever taken on itself the responsibility of regulating any major industry in this way, and passing the costs on to industry." Krimsky, a former member of the National Institutes of Health's Recombinant DNA Advisory Committee (R.A.C.) and the author of a forthcoming book, *Genetic Alchemy: The Social History of the DNA Controversy*, has long advocated stricter regulation of bioengineering laboratories. The ordinance was tougher than N.I.H.'s own guidelines for experiments with recombinant DNA, also passed in 1976. Cambridge's regulations applied not just to universities, which the N.I.H. guidelines covered, but also to industry, from which N.I.H. called for "voluntary compliance." (The R.A.C. currently has under consideration a proposal that would make university compliance voluntary as well.)

"The hearings didn't reveal anything new," Krimsky wrote in *Genetic Alchemy*, "but for the first time the public had control of the forum. . . . The self-governance of science was concretely and symbolically threatened at this town meeting." In the wake of the adoption of Cambridge's ordinance, similar laws were passed in other towns across the country, including Princeton, New Jersey, Berkeley, California, and Amherst, Massachusetts. And delegates to a Massachusetts Public Health Association conference held last September 25 drew up a model ordinance that could be used by any community in which the burgeoning bioengineering industry planned a new facility.

According to one market analyst, by the end of fiscal 1981, $7 billion will have been invested in biotechnology by a number of large corporations, including Du Pont, Dow, General Electric and Hoffman-La Roche. Businessmen are leery of troublemakers like Al Vellucci, and they deplore inconvenient outbreaks of democracy like the Cambridge City Council's. In a recent *Nation* article, David Dickson and David Noble quote Jerome Wiesner, former M.I.T. president and science adviser to President John Kennedy, as saying, "A multitude of people are now able to participate in the decision-making process—without adequate knowledge. . . . This leads to a paralysis of decision making" [see "The New Corporate Technocracy," September 12, 1981].

Last year, Mark Ptashne, chairman of the biochemistry and molecular biology department at Harvard, encountered one of these inconvenient outbreaks when he was trying to find a home for his new firm, Genetics Institute. Ptashne knew that *E. Coli*, the bacterium most commonly used as the basic building block in recombinant DNA experiments, can be a profitable biological factory, turning out insulin and other substances used in medicine. Ptashne had interested a number of investors, including Felix Rohatyn of the Lazard Frères investment banking house, who also heads New York City's Municipal Assistance Corporation, and William Paley, chairman of the board of CBS, but ordinary people were less bullish—at least those in Somerville, the town adjacent to Cambridge. Ptashne wanted to operate a laboratory across the street from a supermarket there, but fearful townspeople pressured their mayor to deny Ptashne the necessary permit. Eventually, Ptashne took his *E. Coli* to Harvard-affiliated Brigham and Women's Hospital, which rented him 15,000 square feet in a vacant building the hospital owns for $400,000 per year.

Last March, after the new location of Ptashne's laboratory became known, the residents of Mission Hill, a working-class community that adjoins it, began to organize. Tenants and homeowners in Mission Hill have long felt pushed around by Harvard. Most recently, they lost their fight with the university over the construction of a diesel-powered plant, and the facility will soon be wafting nitrogen oxide into Mission Hill's bedrooms and kitchens.

At a meeting in March of 300 angry Mission Hill residents, an embittered ecological consciousness was evident. Statements like the following recurred: "We have had Red Dye #2; we have had Tris; we have had the Pinto. With those inorganic matters, industry can recall them and then halt production. But these things that they're going to produce are alive. How do you recall them?" Industry representatives trotted out the usual promises of recombinant miracles, from insulin bonanzas to cancer cures, and the customary reassurances about safety (there has been no disaster so far, *ergo* none will occur in the future).

In Massachusetts, where, according to *The Phoenix*, there

WRITERS CONGRESS RECORD

'No More Lone Writers'

"When writers are suppressed it allows the people to be won over to the oppressive ideologies. In Germany in the 1930s, writers were jailed, exiled and killed. The great poet Lorca was murdered in Spain. Victor Jara, the Chilean poet, had his hands cut off and kept singing until he was killed. They silenced Albert Parsons for crying out for an eight-hour day, and as they put the black hood over his face before hanging him, he cried, 'Let the voice of the people be heard!' Soldiers in the trenches in the Spanish Civil War wrote out Pablo Neruda's poems in their own blood.

"Our fight must now be fought on broad political lines with the struggles of all the people in the country. No more lone writers. No more hollow men stuffed with straw. No more whimper instead of a bang. We cannot ever go back. We must not be caught defenseless, isolated, as we were in the McCarthy period. We must never let that happen again. We must not be separated to be devoured by the wolves."

—Meridel LeSueur, novelist,
American Writers Congress, October 9-12, 1981.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are now fourteen bioengineering firms, the citizenry has also been aroused by reports that Gov. Edward King regards bioengineering as the answer to the state's financial problems and favors passage of a law that would water down present regulations and pre-empt all local ordinances.

Thus, the beginnings of grass-roots participation in curbing a complex industry could still be crushed. But what one sees in Massachusetts and other states is a barometer of the high level of awareness about ecological matters among lay people. Concern about industrial health and safety is no longer confined to the work place. It is a community concern, and ultimately a global one. "The issues just won't go away," said David Ozonoff, a professor of environmental health at Boston University and a planner of the recent Massachusetts Public Health Association conference. "People are concerned for the safety of their communities, and they have an enormous distrust of scientists. It's deep, pervasive and ineradicable. I don't think anything those guys say or do will change that." □

Tampons

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

tion. In 1976, the Medical Device Amendments to the F.D.A.'s charter gave the agency more power to regulate such devices, placing the burden of proving safety and reliability on manufacturers (though the amendments did contain a grandfather clause, exempting existing products and substantially similar new ones). In 1980, after T.S.S. had been identified, the F.D.A. reclassified tampons from a nonsignificant- to a significant-risk medical device in order to monitor and approve procedures for clinical testing of new tampons.

The first study of tampons, published in a medical journal in March 1938, questioned the effect of tampons on the mucous lining of the vagina. In 1942, further studies indicated that chemicals and bacteria present in tampons induced cervicitis, vaginitis and infections in some women. A study published in April 1943 concluded that because tampons were not sterilized (sterilization would impede absorption of menstrual fluids), their use promoted the growth of spores in the vagina. In an article published in 1966, a physician analyzed the high bacterial content of tampons.

All of these warnings failed to arouse any concern in the F.D.A., in the medical profession or among manufacturers. Indeed, from 1966 to 1977, only one study of vaginal tampons was published in U.S. medical journals. How could a product worn internally by 50 million women one week out of every month for thirty years of their lives be almost totally ignored by medical researchers? Instead of being given facts, women were inundated with a bewildering array of new products and slick advertising.

Until the mid-1960s, Tampax accounted for 90 percent of all tampon sales, but by 1970 this share had decreased to 70 percent as other manufacturers vied for a piece of the $400 million to $500 million market. New lines were feverishly developed to attract sales. What was once a simple, biodegradable product made mostly of cotton underwent a radical transformation in the 1970s. Plastic applicators, chemical additives, superabsorbency and synthetic materials were introduced, "innovations" that were later shown to cause harmful side effects.

Stepped-up competition coincided with the lifting of the ban on advertising feminine hygiene products on television in 1972. At a cost of millions of dollars, manufacturers attempted to persuade women that with the new superabsorbent tampons they could play tennis and fly airplanes any time of the month. "It even absorbs the worry," the commercial for Rely said.

What Proctor & Gamble never mentioned on television was that when Rely was test-marketed in Rochester, New York, in 1974 and 1975, women who used it complained of a number of harmful side effects. Some reported that the tampons disintegrated inside their vaginas, producing pain and nausea. Others experienced irritation or found the device difficult to remove.

Proctor & Gamble's answer to these complaints was that Rely had been adequately tested; the company refused, however, to release the results of the tests. At that time, Rely was composed of carbomethylcellulose (a wood-pulp derivative) and polyurethane (a known carcinogen). Several years later, Proctor & Gamble replaced the polyurethane with polyester foam cubes.

In 1973, the F.D.A. set up the Device Experience Network (D.E.N.), a computer data bank that contains user and physician complaints about medical devices. By mid-1980, the tampon file in the D.E.N. contained more than fifty pages of reports of tampon-related injuries and illnesses. Forty-nine complaints had been recorded, ranging from difficulty of removal (four) and infection (twelve) to lacerations (twelve), ulcerations (seven) and tampon disintegration (six). One report, dated February 22, 1980, stated: "Have seen 5 patients with very serious vaginal ulcers related to use of this product [Playtex Super Plus Tampons]. Have notified manufacturer who said they would have their medical director get in touch but have received no response." The F.D.A.'s response, as recorded in the file, was: "Firm [Playtex] had 40 similar complaints of vaginitis due to utilizing these tampons/Firm maintains these problems are insignificant and that no evidence exists implicating product."

Kotex deodorant tampons were the subject of a report dated January 5, 1979: "Doctor states that in the last two years he has treated more cases of vaginal ulcerations. . . . These ulcerations are about 1 inch in diameter, have a rolled up mucosal edge around them and bleed on contact and in every case have been associated with the use of medicated [deodorant] tampons." The F.D.A.'s conclusion: "Lack of info and clinical studies preclude firm conclusion implicating deodorized tampons as a cause of vaginal and cervical ulceration/Patients may be experiencing a sensitivity reaction to the chemical."

Kathleen A. Wanda is a freelance writer and a recent graduate of Evergreen State College in Olympia, Washington.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A complaint about Rely tampons dated February 7, 1980, stated: "My daughter was experiencing what appeared to be a 14 day menstrual period as well as weakness and blackout. She was seen by an Ob-Gyn doctor. The medical opinion is she had a normal four day period and the rest of the bleeding was due to laceration from the plastic inserter. At exam date my daughter was the 7th patient with vaginal lacerations seen by this doctor. . . ." The F.D.A.'s conclusion: "12 similar reports of lacerations were found in files. Product has been marketed since 1974 and over 500 million sold. Firm feels user error."

These complaints were filed with the F.D.A. months, even years, before it began receiving reports of toxic-shock syndrome in June 1980. The agency had sufficient reason to question the safety of tampons, yet it initiated no clinical studies and took no legal action against the manufacturers.

In the meantime, medical research on tampons had been resumed, and it confirmed the evidence in the D.E.N. file. In February 1977, a researcher at the University of Colorado Medical Center published a study documenting four cases of vaginal and cervical ulcerations associated with tampon use. The ulcerations were attributed to either tampon-induced pressure or deodorant irritation. Evidence that tampons also cause lacerations was published in 1979. A 21-year-old woman nearly died from a hemorrhage that developed from a laceration caused by a plastic inserter.

Then, in November 1978, Dr. James Todd identified the first cases of what he called toxic-shock syndrome. The Centers for Disease Control (C.D.C.) in Atlanta published a report on T.S.S. in the May 23, 1980, issue of *Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report*. The centers conducted two further studies, the results of which were published in September 1980. These studies confirmed the link between tampon use—particularly Rely tampons—and T.S.S. On September 22, 1980, Proctor & Gamble voluntarily withdrew Rely from the market.

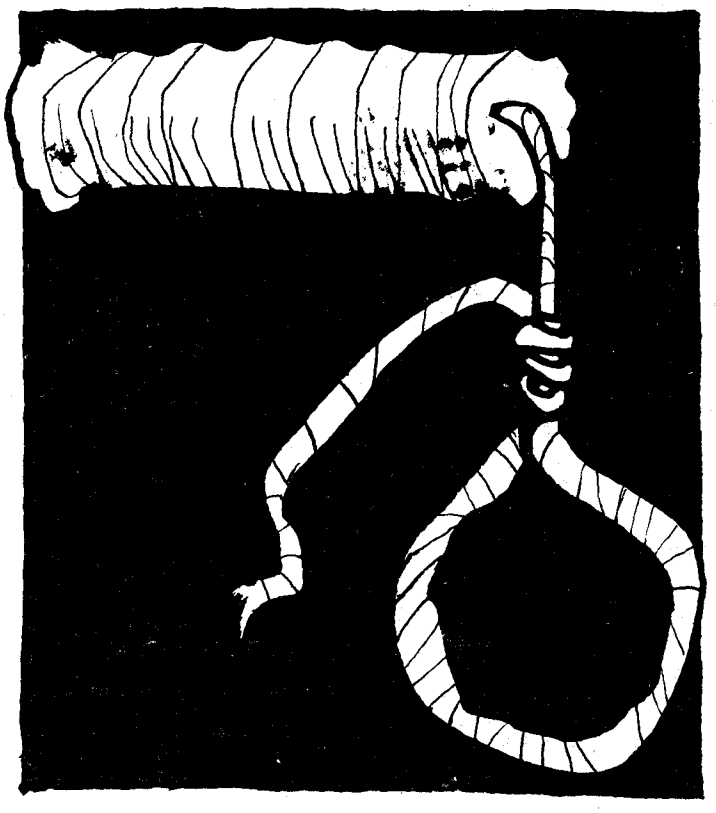
Thus the F.D.A. played a negligible role in the discovery of toxic-shock syndrome. Its D.E.N. file contained numerous reports of cases of T.S.S., some of which were fatal, but the agency did not alert the public until July 1980—after the C.D.C. had verified more than 105 cases of the illness and at least ten deaths. The F.D.A.'s response to the T.S.S. outbreak was typically restrained. In November 1980, it suggested a regulation that would require tampon manufacturers to notify the agency of any medical problems reported by users and to print a warning about toxic-shock syndrome on tampon packages. But the proposed regulation drew fire from the industry, particularly from Tampax. And since the number of reported T.S.S. cases seemed to be decreasing, the F.D.A. postponed taking any action.

In order to recall a product, the F.D.A. must prove in court that it is harmful to users' health. This is difficult to do with tampons, according to Harold Pellerite, F.D.A. consumer safety officer. Even if the agency had documented 100 complaints and had access to 500 more in a manufacturer's files, he said, the number would be minuscule when compared with the millions of tampons sold every year. Because the F.D.A. does not feel it has a responsibility to inform women of the hazards documented in its files, access to this material can be gained only by making a request under the Freedom of Information Act.

Since the F.D.A. will not help them, women must act for themselves. They should demand more research, adequate testing of new and existing menstrual products, and a reclassification of tampons by the F.D.A. to enable the agency to set stricter quality-control and safety standards, rather than leaving this to the manufacturers, as is now the case. Women should also consider not using tampons. Sanitary napkins are one substitute. Although they contain materials that make them superabsorbent, as well as chemicals and perfuming agents, they are not worn internally. (Some brands of napkins, such as Scott's Confidets, are not manufactured by a company that also makes tampons, which may be a consideration for those not wishing to patronize the tampon companies.)

Another alternative to tampons, recommended by Woman Health International, is a rubber cup that collects menstrual fluids internally and is worn like a diaphragm. These cups, known as Tassaways, were available during the late 1960s and early 1970s, and medical studies showed that they were safe and sanitary. They were also cheaper than tampons and pads, and lasted for at least a year. One study of more than 100 women who used different feminine hygiene products for a year showed that the risk of bacteriological contamination was greatest with pads, next with tampons and least with the rubber cup. Tassaways, however, are no longer manufactured.

Reusable natural sponges have been advocated by some. However, the companies selling the sponges are not regulated by the F.D.A., and thus are not required to set



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quality-control standards. Studies at the University of Iowa have shown that the sponges, which grow in the ocean, contain sand, coral bits, bacteria, fungi, nicotine and whatever pollutants were present in the surrounding waters, including traces of oil. Numerous rinsings failed to remove the contaminants. At least one woman who used sponges contracted toxic-shock syndrome, proving that what is natural is not necessarily better. Before sponges can be considered a good alternative to tampons, they must be tested to see that they meet strict quality-control standards.

Whatever substitute they choose, women should avoi tampons, since all brands now on the market have been im plicated in toxic-shock syndrome or have caused vaginal in juries in some women. Those who insist on occasionally us ing tampons should purchase brands like Pursettes or O.B. which do not contain deodorants or superabsorben materials and which do not require plastic inserters Although further research into the causes of toxic-shoc syndrome is being carried out, there is now a wealth o evidence that tampons can be hazardous to your health. □

EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 2*)

New York City

Midge Decter probably got what she deserved (except for the sexist sneer at her as an "authoress") in the tirade by Gore Vidal. But I resent the inescapable anti-Semitic overtone in Vidal's shrillness. So Joseph Epstein, Norman Podhoretz, Alfred Kazin, Hilton Kramer and Decter are "fag-baiting," in Vidal's term. That's bad; that's awful. I'll fight against fag-baiting, women-baiting, Red-bating. But is their fag-bating a product of their Jewish identity? True, Vidal's title, "*Some* Jews & *The* Gays," seemed to imply that there are other Jews, but he did not find it necessary to name even one who fights fag-baiting and affirms civil rights and civil liberties for gays.

But glance at the record: On March 26 the New York City Council was offered a bill to abolish discrimination against gays. The bill was introduced by thirteen members of the City Council, eight of whom are Jewish. Recently, a ten-member City Council committee held a public hearing on the bill for two days. When the vote was taken, it was 6 to 3 against the bill. The three who voted in favor of gay rights were Jews, as was one of the six who voted against the measure. At the hearing, the bill was vigorously supported by Mayor Ed Koch, Controller Harrison Goldin, Brooklyn District Attorney-elect Elizabeth Holtzman, State Attorney General Robert Abrams and many other Jews. These people acted as individuals.

What about Jewish organizations? Publicly on the record in favor of gay rights are the American Jewish Committee, the North American Jewish Student Network and the Union of American Hebrew Congregations (Reform). The latter, whose members are at least as numerous as the Hasidic Jews (some of whom attended the hearing to demonstrate against gay rights and were noisy and conspicuous in their Hasidic garb for the TV cameras), passed in 1977 a resolution favoring gay rights and initiated a consciousness-raising program among its approximately 1 million members to implement the resolution in the local congregations. Moreover, the U.A.H.C. now has two gay congregations among its affiliates.

The Jews are a people and therefore not homogeneous, being divided along religious, social and class lines. Total agreement is therefore not possible on any single issue. Yet the Jews are among the more liberal ethnic groups in our country. I dare say there are more supporters of gay rights among Jews than among any other ethnic group or class in the United States. When he stops to think of it, Gore Vidal may even be aware of this fact. It is too bad that in his rage against Decter he allowed an anti-Semitic rasp to be heard, and that the editors of *The Nation* did not detect it.

Morris U. Schappes
Editor, Jewish Currents

New York City

It's true that everyone has the right to be an asshole, but I'm surprised to see that noted same-sex preferrer, Gore Vidal, abuse the right. He could have called his essay "*A* Gay & *Midge* Decter."

We have enough *tsuris*, we beleaguered Hebrews, without being dumped on by our friends *the* gays. I know, I know—there was that dopey little qualifier "some," but it didn't work.

It is Decter's special quality to be mean-spirited and all-round genuinely rotten on issues involving human beings. It was a pleasure to watch that elegant essayist, Vidal, dissect her meanness. But it was not a pleasure to see Jews schlepped in gratuitously. Midge, and her alter ego, Norman, are not to be confused with Jews. No more than Jerry Falwell is to be confused with Christianity or our thirty-fifth president with celibacy.

Martin Solow

Princeton, N.J.

Gore Vidal's essay is chock-full of extraordinary, prejudicial claims and self-defeating inconsistencies. (A sad thing it is, too, in a piece that aims to be a manifesto against prejudice.)

First, it is despicable—there is no other word for it—for Vidal to claim that "Jews, blacks and homosexualists are despised by," among others, the "Christian . . . majorities of East and West." Many of us who grew up in Christian communities were taught the brotherhood and sisterhood of humankind, and that teaching became the basis for later activism *against* racial, ethnic and sexual prejudice. The Christian churche were the primary locus for the civil right struggles of the 1960s, something Vida seems to have forgotten.

Second, there is one ironic inconsistency apparently lost on this master ironist. On th one hand he condemns *all* evangelical Christians as "natural fascists." Yet he points correctly, to the historical fact that "mos military societies on the rise tend to encourage same-sex activities . . ." This would seem to indicate a possible connection (no intrinsic, but socially sanctioned and historically constituted) between male-dominant authoritarianism and "same-sex activities." Susan Sontag several years ago alerted us to the heavy infusion of sadistic homosexual images in the thought and practice of German fascism (even as homosexuals themselves were being condemned).

There is much more, but I will desist. Given the amount of venom already present in the political bloodstream, one wishes Vidal would have done the same, rather than make his article an example of the very thing he deplores.

Jean Bethke Elshtain

VIDAL REPLIES

Los Angeles

First, the case of Roger Austen. Some years ago he sent me his book *Playing the Game: The Homosexual Novel in America*. The book is interesting and worthy of serious review. Austen had read and then described quantities of forgotten—and often forgettable—novels that touch on his theme. He complained to me that no one would review the book in what he calls the "straight" press. I tried and failed to get *The New York Review of Books* to deal with it. I do recommend the book whenever I can—as recently as my article in *The Nation*. Plainly, no good deed goes unpunished.

Austen's feelings are hurt by something that I wrote about him in *Views From a Window*, a series of dialogues and interviews with me. Exactly four sentences in this book concern Austen. A correspondent writes: "You are represented in Roger Austen's depressing catalogue, *Playing the Game*, only by *The City and the Pillar*—if you hadn't written that book someone would have had to invent it." I answered: "Austen is dull; I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ink he's not had much of a life and the fag ietto is a grim place to spend a life. I have a allergy to fag-novels; most of the books e mentions are unknown to me or known y reputation like *Giovanni's Room*, which I ouldn't get through. After that meeting in ie coach house between Lucien de Rubemre and Vautrin, it's been down hill."

Well, I'm afraid that this is exactly what I o think—and did write in candor to a iend. It was also tactless of me to allow a rivate exchange to be published and I regret ıy remark about Austen's dullness. He has uite enough to contend with in his lonely ocation without a stab, as it were, in the ack by me.

But hurt feelings now require Austen to ıake a number of assumptions about me ıat are not only impertinent but beyond his ompetence. He writes that I did not record, ı "*Some* Jews & *The* Gays," his book's ubtitle, *The Homosexual Novel in America,* vhich I "apparently found too unsettling to nention." What does that mean? In the first entence of the piece, I refer to Sarotte's *Like A Brother, Like a Lover,* a study of *Male Homosexuality in the American Novel ınd Theatre from Herman Melville to James Baldwin.* If I was not "unsettled" by that subtitle, why would I be unsettled by his? I then mentioned a number of worthy books on this theme (including Austen's) that seldom get reviewed; "Why," asks Austen, "has Vidal not reviewed some of these apparently worthy books himself?" For the same reason that I do not appear in every issue of *The New York Review of Books* or *The Nation*—lack of time. But I do believe that even my most casual reader is satisfied that I have dealt often enough with the subject, both in depth as well as in standard American shallow.

On the evidence of the four sentences quoted above, Austen tells us that "[Vidal] complained to a Miss Halfpenny (*sic*)" —since her name is Halfpenny why the *sic*?—"that I was woefully imperceptive in presuming to lump his apparently incomparable *The City and the Pillar* with a bunch of single-minded, sexually obsessed 'fag novels,' most of which, he was relieved to be able to add, remain 'unknown' to him." I did not "complain" to Miss Halfpenny but the other way around—and she is more curious than complaining. I made no reference at all to *The City and the Pillar*. I made no value judgment of *all* the writings on the subject but did acknowledge that most "fag novels" that come my way aren't much good. But this is equally true of feminist novels, black novels, etc.

I am sure that my reference to Balzac sailed over Austen's head. But if he had got the point to it, he would then have understood the irony of my hyperbole: that no homosexual writing has been as good as that particular scene, written a century and a half ago. Do you really mean that Proust and James and Gide are no good? No, I don't. Then what *do* you mean? This is the sort of dumb dialogue one often gets into in a society where irony is unknown. I fear that Austen's mendacious report of those four sentences is more suitable to the pages of *The New York Times* than to the chaste "Letters" column of *The Nation.*

Austen notes my "two-fisted Norman Mailer menace" in referring to Sarotte's study of me in *Like a Brother, Like a Lover*. I can't see any particular menace in the remark that the main line of my work has nothing to do with sex at all. This is well known to those who read in this country, but it is not so well known in France, where I had to explain to the critic from *Le Monde* (who had reviewed Sarotte) that the book of mine that the critic was currently writing about, *Burr*, was not a disguised homosexual tract. Sarotte is very much a writer *à thèse*. But I will say that he wrote a brilliant chapter on James Baldwin and for the first time I now want to read *Giovanni's Room*.

Austen's only valid point is why do I, in private, dismiss "fag novels" while, in public, insist that they get reviewed? This is simply answered. In America a number of valuable writers have been ignored or so traduced because of what writers of book-chat take to be their abominable sex lives that they are pretty much erased (James Purdy, John Horne Burns) or diminished in reputation (Thornton Wilder today, Walt Whitman in the first third of the century). Further, an unorthodox study like C. A. Tripp's *Homosexual Matrix* will either be passed over in silence or given an in-house ax job at *The New York Times*. So for Miltonian reasons, I want any serious book to be taken as serious and not consigned automatically to the pigeonhole "Fag Writing." The rest of Austen's letter is silly.

I have said that *everyone* is bisexual. Sometimes I quote, for what it is worth, the Freud-Fliess line. I have also said that, obviously, there are those who are exclusively one thing and those who are exclusively the other, while in the middle there is what Gide called "floating sensuality." Finally, Austen says that I maintain that there is no such thing as a homosexualist but then contradict myself by saying that there is indeed a legitimate minority, etc. There is no contradiction. As long as the Judeo-Christian majority insists that those who practice same-sexual activities are illegal or abominable or mentally ill, there is indeed a real grouping of men and women who must then protect themselves. But as I pointed out in my piece, a liking for the same sort of sexuality does not create a new race or religion or political party. That is why political action is still so difficult; and so necessary.

David Rothenberg answers very nicely the question: Why did you bother to take so much time in analyzing a piece by a little-known writer in a small-circulation journal? Because these neo-Naumannites "legitimize homophobia as a proper social stance. It manifests itself on the far more persuasive pages of *The New York Times*, whose silence and fears are well known in the gay community."

Charles Ansell's first point, ascribed to me, is correct. The second point is meaningless since I never said that Midge Decter either writes or talks like a Boston Brahmin; she doesn't either, as far as I know.

Morris Schappes seems to think that I should acknowledge that there are Jews who are opposed to fag-baiting. I thought that that was implicit in my title and in the careful narrowing of the field to the neoconservative, "new class" neo-Naumannites that I was dealing with. I was not generalizing about Jews, who are, as he points out, hardly homogeneous as a group. But when he writes that "the Jews in the United States are among the more liberal ethnic groups," I hope that he is still right.

Martin Solow describes me as "a noted same-sex preferrer." Doubtless, he got this news from *The New York Times* or down some other equally mean journalistic street. He certainly did not obtain this riveting information from my work. I do not go in for self-revelation. Again, I did not include all Jews in my piece. On the other hand it was certainly not just about "a Midge Decter": There are many other Jewish fag-baiters (I mentioned only a few) who are just as venomous and ubiquitous as she; and in the sort of publications that Solow and I read, they outnumber Goy fag-baiters three to one. I think that this is a serious problem; and said so.

Hi, Jean Bethke Elshtain! Over the years you get to recognize the professional letter-to-the-editor writers. There is L.A.'s Dizzy Dan, who thinks that I write "porno-histories." And there's Jean. Loved your last letter to *The Village Voice*, attacking that book on Elvis by a Mr. Goldman. What I thought fascinating in the book—the parts that I read—was Goldman's profound hatred not only for Elvis but for his race. Apparently, poor congenitally stupid Elvis was "ashamed" of his "ugly" foreskin, etc. Although Goldman pretends to despise only hillbilly redneck Americans, the unmistakable rasp of anti-Goyism is loud and clear in his sneering *Elvis* prose. Don't think that has gone unnoticed here at the Anti-Circumcision League. SMEGMA has Mr. Goldman's number.

Jean, I knew that you'd find it "despicable" for me to claim that the white Christian majority of our great land despises Jews, blacks and gays but, honestly, Jean, they do. They really do. You should get around more. Start at the Baptist Church just off Main Street in Ponca City, then drop in at the Sooner Bar and Grill around 5 in the P.M. and . . .

I should note that as a result of this piece I have never received so many congratulatory messages from Jews—same, other, bi- and no-sexualists. They got the message: The fascists amongst us are restless. Be vigilant. Make alliances, no matter how abominable.

Gore Vidal

FTSI LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Coteries and Poetries

J. D. O'HARA

CRYSTAL VISION. *By Gilbert Sorrentino. North Point Press. 320 pp. $14.50.*

SELECTED POEMS, 1958-1980. *By Gilbert Sorrentino. Black Sparrow Press. 268 pp. $20. Paper $7.50.*

Gilbert Sorrentino was born in Brooklyn in 1929 and has spent most of his life in the New York metropolitan area. An alumnus of Brooklyn College and the Army Medical Corps, he edited and published *Neon* (1956-60) and contributed to *Kulchur* (1961-65). He then spent five years with Grove Press and now teaches at the New School for Social Research. He has published six novels and, with this selection, nine books of poetry. His work has appeared in *The New Yorker,* and he has received a National Endowment for the Arts grant and a Guggenheim fellowship for fiction. And yet he is scarcely known and has been reviewed most often in the curious journal *Vort.*

Sorrentino's first book of poems appeared in 1960; two more, and his first novel, were also published in that decade. He is therefore a 1960s writer, like it or not. But that period was almost as fertile in coteries as in poetries, and—in the words of one of its historians, Ann Charters—Sorrentino kept falling between two schools. Neither Beat nor New York School, neither Black Mountain nor academic, neither this nor that, he persistently escaped inclusion in the group-oriented poetry collections of the time and still, two decades later, seems to be going his own way.

He didn't much like the 1960s. His third novel, *Imaginative Qualities of Actual Things* (1971), is a twentieth-century *Dunciad,* presenting a jaundiced view of the period through fictitious artists so bizarre that the narrator must pause to insist that "this is not a gallery of freaks. This is a book about destruction." A recurrent word in Sorrentino's poems is *bitter. IQAT* is bitter, flailing at Norman Mailer, Jimmy Breslin, Michael McClure, Jonas Mekas, Richard Nixon, Truman Capote, John Berryman, Nelson Rockefeller, Warren Burger, Vladimir Nabokov, Andy Warhol . . . The list is incomplete but characteristic. At one point the narrator offers an amusing list of activities that evoke "a general picture of the hip New York scene during those years." One of the activities is to "read *Kulchur* and comment . . . on the arrogant clique that ran it." Appropriately for a member of that clique, *IQAT* is also arrogant.

Splendide-Hôtel (1973) is even less a novel than *IQAT* is; its twenty-seven chapters speak of each letter of the alphabet, including *Rx.* (The entire *Z* chapter is "Everyone is asleep in the Splendide-Hôtel.") Additionally, the book describes that grim hotel and offers a wide-ranging commentary on life and art. It alludes often to Rimbaud and William Carlos Williams and is dedicated to Hubert (*Last Exit to Brooklyn*) Selby.

Mulligan Stew is dedicated to Brian (*At Swim-Two-Birds*) Nolan. Unfortunately, Sorrentino sets out to rewrite that bit of Irish whimsy—a novel under construction whose characters discover that they're being used in it. Up at the level of Gide's *Counterfeiters,* or down with Nigel Dennis's *Cards of Identity* and Max Shulman's *Feather Merchants,* such a game of recycling might have worked. But the *Stew* is neither low comedy nor high style; it is almost 500 pages long, and logorrhea drowns it. Like *Hôtel* it contains literary allusions, mostly as heavy parodies, but both novels generally turn away from the contemporary targets of *IQAT.*

And last year, *Aberration of Starlight* appeared. It begins as a sweet and pretty straightforward novel of childhood starring little Billy Recco of Hackettstown, New Jersey. But then the story shifts to his mother's problems with her relatives, the philandering husband she has left and the philandering lover she briefly acquires, and their erotic activities and daydreams fill the rest of the brief book.

These novels share a few odd characteristics. They are deliberately not novels, for instance; *IQAT*'s narrator insists on this repeatedly. He also says that "these people aren't real. I'm making them up as they go along, any section that threatens to flesh them out . . . will be excised." The characters of Sorrentino's later works are equally flat. *IQAT*'s memoir-biography style and *Stew*'s rehash of *At Swim-Two-Birds* are borrowed and arbitrary forms. The alphabet chapters of *Hôtel* come from Rimbaud's colored alphabet. *Aberration* contains several Q & A sections that imitate the next-to-last chapter of *Ulysses* and footnotes from *Finnegans Wake. Ulysses* is also a likely model for Sorrentino's repeated exhaustive recall of song titles, book titles, idiomatic expressions, clichés and commonplaces. And there's a persistent self-conscious self-criticism, budding in *IQAT* and flowering in *Stew,* which begins with twelve parody letters persuasively rejecting the novel. Finally and dismayingly, there are yards and yards of compulsive sex scenes and sex talk as droningly redundant as pornography.

Now comes *Crystal Vision,* written in 1975-76 and published, like the *Selected Poems,* very handsomely. Once again we sense Joyce behind the form: a motley crowd of Brooklyn layabouts, from teen-agers to elderly alcoholics, is overheard in a candy store, in bars, on street corners and in letters and soliloquies as they tell stories about themselves, one another and the neighbors. Such a structure—life made economically artificial—might serve for an East Coast *Cannery Row,* a William Saroyan gab fest, a fictional *Our Town* or even a prose *Under Milk Wood.* Sorrentino arbitrarily adds two devices that don't pay their way: characters not present at the storytelling can hear the story and comment on it, sometimes, and a creature called the Magician appears and disappears with no effect at all.

The characters—Richie, Cheech, Professor Kooba, Irish Billy, Santo Tuccio, Doc Friday, the Arab, etc.—talk much like one another, except for the tedious Arab. "A great mechanic who quit for his studies and his wife left him," the Arab misuses language. Example: describing Thelma's leaving Billy, he says that "it was but a moment to the time when she should vocabulate *avatque vali* to Billy." Such japery is unfortunate. No one who can read Catullus is going to garble *ave atque*

J. D. O'Hara teaches English at the University of Connecticut.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ale like that, and no one who can't is oing to come anywhere near the hrase. The Arab's language is an ar-itrary construct with a long pedigree, nd its use is to amuse readers by mak-ng them feel superior in education and ntelligence.

And this is also the use of the haracters. They are dolts, as are the haracters of the previous novels. But orrentino's attitude has changed. In-tead of sneering at them as he did in the ast, he now patronizes them, finding hem and their stories of failure and isappointment kind of sweet. They're ll lovable, God bless 'em. *Aberration* nds with a savage quotation from the uthor of *At Swim-Two-Birds*: "The neanest bloody thing in hell made this world." But *Crystal Vision* begins with a passage from the *Inferno* in which Dante speaks of his great grief at find-ng in Limbo "gente di molto valore." Sorrentino's characters sentimentalize this grief and this value into "An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" sung by an emotional tenor. And, lest the reader not hum along, the story of how many of the characters will die—significantly told in Chapter 13—should draw tears from a turnip. Well, there's a brief list of titles for Professor Kooba's unfinished book and a list of children's candies, but the sex is fairly low-keyed, and on the whole, *Crystal Vision* gestures faintly toward new directions for Sorrentino's fiction.

When one turns from the fiction to the poems—and *Selected Poems* offers approximately 200 of them—one must imagine another Sorrentino, stolen from the cradle and raised, perhaps in Hackettstown, by Trappist monks. Gone are the lists, the long sentences, the longer chapters, the subway rush of people and topics and energetic authorial talk! The short lines sigh and fade away, ending weakly in an *of, and, a* or *the*. The short poems fragment, often for no reason, into two-, three- or four-line groups, and they stop modestly short of the page bottom. And they contain minimal amounts of situation, feeling, thought and imagery, expressed in a minimal vocabulary.

Slowly things pick up. "Shapes of Winter," from the second book, achieves length, a variety of voices and some nicely specific images. The third book offers a consistent voice and not a pleasant one. "I am a depressing/man," one poem says, "I write/depressing poems." The cause and a persistent subject is the death of Sorrentino's mother, which darkens this book and the next and recurs in the later works.

In the 1971 collection a long series of poems, "Coast of Texas," reports a country-music I-lost-my-gal story with the addition of underwear and voluntary humiliation. It is followed by two brief poems. "Old Tale" conjures up "someone in a limpid tower" of European myth and then ends abruptly: "Here in New York/if she does not love me/then I am not loved" (echoing Samuel Beckett's "Cascando" line: "if you do not love me I shall not be loved"). "A Poem for My Wife" says that "certain figures seem to control/the mind," including a distant fair and a prize red hat from it. These poems provide the themes for most of the poems to come: the dead mother, lost women, love and obsessive memories from the distant past.

They all appear in *White Sail* (1977) and in *The Orangery* (1978), where an interest in the color orange first displayed in the *R* chapter of *Hôtel* returns in some thirty-four poems, most of them sour and irritable, that mention orange. The mother also haunts these poems. Over everything hovers what "A Hit Album" calls the "dim light/of tragedy" only to amend that description: "Not even tragedy/but the winding down." And as the poetic material grows glummer but more specific and complex, the rhythms grow firmer and the poems stronger. They are still almost entirely personal—one has at times the sense of intruding—but the persona has become more human.

That is not the end, however. *Selected Poems* includes thirty-six new poems. They are longer and more traditionally formal (there's a pantoum and a sestina!); they are mostly written in a loose iambic pentameter, and they combine shifts in diction, allusions—mostly to old pop songs—and nostalgia to produce sentimental and witty commentaries almost entirely free from the poetic and prosaic flaws of the earlier writing. They are extremely pleasant reading, and one wishes that Sorrentino had reached that voice decades earlier. □

Field Tripping

MARGO JEFFERSON

NISA: The Life and Words of a !Kung Woman. *By Marjorie Shostak. Harvard University Press. 402 pp. $20.*

We're always (or so it seems) being exhorted to look beyond the surface differences of culture, class, nation, race or sex to what we all have in common—what, as they say, "makes us human." We generally get no further than the plainest of facts and the broadest of feelings: life, death, anger, pleasure, hunger, love and so on. But if the ways we experience these things and the ways they shape our lives are quite different, isn't that as important and as interesting—if also more unsettling? And can't these particulars change our notion or vision of the universals?

Anthropology asks and attempts to answer such questions. But anthropologists live in the same atmosphere as the rest of us: one that can make breathing easily at other cultural altitudes difficult. So they should—and increasingly do—question themselves as well as their subjects. What are their unspoken assumptions? What questions do they ask or ignore? How do they hear and record the answers? What sort of information do they want and to what end?

When Zora Neale Hurston went to Florida in 1928 to collect black folklore, she wanted to document a life and an art that had been ignored or buffooned. But she had a more personal reason as well. She wished to describe a world she had been born into, but "it was fitting me like a tight chemise. I couldn't see for wearing it. It was only when I was off in college, away from my native surroundings, that I could see myself like somebody else and stand off and look at my garment. Then I had to have the spy-glass of Anthropology to look through at that."

When Marjorie Shostak joined a group of Harvard scientists in Botswana in 1969, her intention was to study the !Kung San, "one of the last of tradi-

Margo Jefferson, formerly of Newsweek, *teaches journalism at New York University.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional gatherer-hunter societies," who lived "the way people lived for nearly 90 percent of the estimated one hundred thousand years of human existence." Since 1963, these scientists had been camped on the fringe of the Kalahari Desert, gathering information on !Kung nutrition, folklore, demography, child-rearing practices, ritual-healing ceremonies and the like. But Shostak wanted to ask these field workers different questions about the !Kung: "When I asked questions about what they were like as people and how they felt about their lives, I received answers so varied that they seemed to reflect as much the personalities of the individual anthropologists as anything they had learned about the !Kung." And because !Kung society is considered one of the least sexist, she wanted to stand back and examine the archaic garment of Western womanhood:

> The Women's Movement had just begun to gain momentum, urging re-examination of the roles Western women had traditionally assumed. I hoped the field trip might help me to clarify some of the issues the Movement had raised. !Kung women might be able to offer some answers; after all, they provided most of their families' food, yet cared for their children and were lifelong wives as well. Furthermore, their culture, unlike ours, was not being continuously disrupted by social and political factions telling them first that women were one way, then another.

Shostak learned the language, went on hunting and gathering expeditions, listened to stories and conversations, observed ceremonies and celebrations. She also brooded about but finally accepted the established anthropological practice of exchanging money or gifts like tobacco for information. She interviewed women between the ages of 14 and 70, and grew increasingly frustrated that her questions failed to yield rich answers. Had she always misunderstood these people? She was also disappointed that her trial-and-error interviews based on barter and exchange didn't yield friendships. Eventually she met Nisa, a woman about 50 years old. Nisa was intelligent, commanding, knowledgeable and exasperating; she immediately offered "a barrage of thinly veiled criticism" in the form of extravagant praise for the anthropologists who had preceded Shostak and her husband to the camp. Like many collaborations that begin with ungrudging mutual suspicion and end with grudging mutual respect, the pair discovered a remarkable ability to work together. Shostak interviewed Nisa fifteen times in 1969 and six more times on a visit to Botswana four years later. The result—interspersed with careful ethnographic information—is what one might call an anthropological memoir with commentary.

In a society that cultivates the art of storytelling, Nisa is adept at joining fact, fancy, memory, opinion, irony and exaggeration. When we first meet her she is a child, in a rage at being weaned. (!Kung women space their children about four years apart, and so a child isn't weaned until the mother is pregnant again.) She mounts a campaign to be allowed to nurse again. She weeps copiously, hits the baby, refuses food and then steals it, storms off to live with her grandmother and sneaks up on her brother and her mother while they're sleeping and takes his place at her breast. Still, it's a pleasant childhood where, of an afternoon, she can entertain herself by trapping and killing a baby antelope, and then playing with it like a rag doll: "While my mother gathered, I sat in the shade of a tree, waiting, and played with the dead steenbok. I picked it up; I tried to make it sit up; I tried to open its eyes." At the day's end, she takes it home in triumph to be cooked and eaten.

We follow Nisa and her friends through their first cheerful experiments with sex, Nisa moving between girls and boys while deciding what she thinks of it. We then see her two early, unwanted trial marriages. "There's no question about it," she told her mother, "I won't take a husband. Why should I?" (!Kung girls generally marry between the ages of 10 and 16, but don't have intercourse with their husbands until they menstruate; these early marriages are often, at the girls' insistence, dissolved.) "I said to my mother, 'You say you have a man for me to marry? Why don't you take him and set him beside Daddy? You marry him and let them be co-husbands. What have I done that you're telling me I should marry?' "

At one point in these tempestuous years—"I was, of course, very beautiful then. . . . Not drawn and lined like a horse's face, as I am now"—a young couple Nisa was fond of asked her to join their marriage as a co-wife. "We two are friends," the woman told her. "We are children and we will finish our childhoods together. This man, Kantla, he will bring us up—together. . . . Why do you refuse me?" Nisa replied, "I'm not refusing you; I like you. I'm refusing that man. . . . We are friends. We will continue to play together as always. It's the man I refuse." Polygamous marriages are something many !Kung men want, but only about 5 percent manage to have; nevertheless, the man became Nisa's lover and the woman remained her friend.

Nisa had a great many lovers—a common practice if managed with courtesy, tact and a judicious blend of truth-telling and lying. She holds forth on them and on women, men and sex in a tone that is ironic, provocative, selectively bawdy and jauntily oracular. When she met Shostak, she was married for the fifth time, having survived a third husband and divorced a fourth under painful circumstances. Her parents had died, as had all four of her children.

!Kung women confront childbirth the way men prepare for battle or for the sort of spiritual crisis that requires isolation in a wilderness or on a mountaintop. One is supposed to face it in solitude, with quiet stoicism, as one might face death. And death is always a possible outcome. Two women die for every 500 births; 20 percent of !Kung children die within their first year, and only 54 percent of those born live to marry. !Kung men and women value children highly and are very involved in their care, but they have also developed methods of birth control (among them the long nursing period, which suppresses the production of hormones that promote ovulation) and abortion. Their sense of death as an inalienable fact may have taught them that life isn't an inalienable right; they are also aware that having numerous children jeopardizes a woman's health and the group's ability to survive. The !Kung offer a bracingly clear example of how societies define "human life" according to their own needs: the !Kung don't consider a newborn infant a "person" until it has been brought back to the village from the isolated spot where the mother went to give birth.

We last see Nisa in 1973, when Shostak returns to Botswana on a second field trip. She is there conducting a study which subsequently showed that, despite the obvious biological importance of menstruation in their lives,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kung women attach to it none of the hysical and psychological symptoms nd stigmas we know so well. At this me, Nisa is living in a changed culture. he !Kung are surrounded by other roups, cattle raisers and farmers who ompete with them for land and hire iem as laborers. !Kung men often ave to work in South Africa's gold ines or for employment in the South frican Army's Namibian branch. Kung women find themselves becom- ig more sedentary, more economically ependent and more socially confined s rewards for their work decrease and egulations of their role increase. Nisa as worked for Europeans and for the eighboring Herero and Tswana. She refers the privacy of the bush, where he is with her own people, self- ufficient and not looked down on as "a erson who owns nothing."

But this is all part of Shostak's pilogue, and Nisa's reflections are brief nd scattered. That is a pity. I would ike to know how she feels about these hanges—Nisa, who is proud to the oint of arrogance and thrives on the deference of others. I would like to know more about Nisa's work as a healer (a fairly rare thing for a !Kung woman) than what I find in the brief account here. I would like to know about a good many things that seem obscured by a flowing garment of female universality, draping itself repeatedly about local customs of romance, sex and marriage. But Shostak, with the same frankness that marked her descriptions of field work's trials, anticipates my reservations:

> "Teach me what it is to be a !Kung woman," was the way I had presented myself to Nisa and to the other women. How much this had influenced each woman's self-presentation was not clear. After all, another anthropologist had told me that the !Kung depicted me in one of their amusing (and often scathing) character portrayals as someone who ran up to women, looked them straight in the eye, and said, "Did you screw your husband last night?"

Shostak concludes that the !Kung thoroughly enjoy talking and joking about sex on their own. In fact, on her second visit, "I was not quite as interested as I had been four years earlier. I now wanted to focus on less romantic matters: on friendship, on women as providers, on child care, and on avenues for self-expression and creativity—issues that had also become relevant to

The first full story of the battle to form the Screen Writers Guild

- How it shook the power of the studios
- Shattered the close-knit Hollywood community
- And led to the Hollywood blacklist

THE HOLLYWOOD WRITERS' WARS

Told through the voices of the writers, directors, and producers who were there

"A valuable and colorful document...The story of the Screen Writers Guild is so intrinsically and irresistibly dramatic that it is surprising no one has written it in detail before."
—Jack Sullivan, Saturday Review

By NANCY LYNN SCHWARTZ • Completed by Sheila Schwartz
With 52 photographs • $17.95 • Just published by Knopf

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel*, that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Spanish just as these diplomatic personnel do—with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Course.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far the most effective way to learn Spanish at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The Programmatic Spanish Course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace—testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

This Programmatic Course comes in two volumes. Order one or both.

☐ **Volume I: Basic.** 12 cassettes, (17 hr.), 464-page text, plus manual. $115.

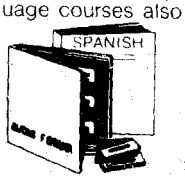
☐ **Volume II: Intermediate.** 8 cassettes, (11½ hr.), 614-page text, plus manual. $98.

(Conn. and N.Y. residents add sales tax)
Shipped in handsome library binders.

TO ORDER, JUST CLIP THIS AD and mail with your name and address, and a check or money order. Or, charge to your credit card (American Express, VISA, MasterCard, Diners Club) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

Many other FSI language courses also available. Write us.



AUDIO-FORUM®
Audio-Forum
Suite 57
On the Green,
Guilford, CT. 06437
(203) 453-9794

Or visit our New York sales office: 145 E. 49th St., New York, N.Y. 10017 (212)753-1783

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my own life." Relevant to Nisa's as well, and more of her words on such issues would have been welcome. But it seems the pattern was set: "During our first interview, I asked about the years I had been away. She asked, 'You mean about men?'" It's an odd thing about certain universals: they're a wonderful device for creating bonds—conversational and emotional—between people, while they simultaneously cast a screen over more intimate and less accessible matters. People looked at through the anthropologist's spyglass are often, as Hurston wrote, reluctant to reveal all of "that which the soul lives by."

So perhaps, in the all-too-brief time they spent together, Shostak asked and Nisa gave what each knew would create the strongest sense of commonality. Did each choose to withhold what she knew would cast the longest shadow of difference? And are we being given what is easiest and most pleasing to appreciate? If so, it is still quite a bit—there's much that is challenging here, as well as charming. One wants more. But Nisa herself told Shostak, "Our work has been important and we have done it well." □

Writers' Writers

BRUCE ALLEN

LIARS IN LOVE. *By Richard Yates. Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence. 272 pp. $13.95.*

POPPA JOHN. *By Larry Woiwode. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 204 pp. $10.95.*

Once you become known as a "writer's writer," it's hard to get by with anything less than your best. Such is the burden of Richard Yates, whose first novel, *Revolutionary Road* (1961), enjoys classic status as the definitive portrayal of a "perfect" marriage collapsing. The soberly realistic stories of compromise and defeat gathered in *Eleven Kinds of Loneliness* (1962) are prized by fellow writers for their exemplary economy and power. If Yates's second novel, *A Special Providence* (1969), seemed diffuse, and if the imaginative consistency of those grim chronicles of wasted lives, *Disturbing the Peace* (1975) and *The Easter Parade* (1976), appeared almost self-defeating, there was a recovery of tone and perspective in his most recent novel, the undisguisedly autobiographical *A Good School* (1978).

Now this conscious descendant and disciple of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway has returned to the short story—and the results are comparable with his finest work.

The seven stories in *Liars in Love* are ambitious explorations of extended crises in their characters' lives. We follow a lonely soldier granted "compassionate leave" through a dreary visit to Paris and an even more depressing reunion with his mother and sister in England. We watch a writer of no particular talent on the party circuit in Hollywood and Malibu, laboring to emulate his beloved Fitzgerald; we observe the maneuverings of a divorced woman journalist (an "Irish Scarsdale Bolshevik") surviving the Depression.

The agonies of these and other frustrated and angry souls are presented in the plainest, most flatly descriptive manner imaginable. Yates never scruples to summarize baldly or fill in expository detail quite openly, informationally. He'll violate (what seems to us) an established single-character point of view to show us how an experience alters the lives of everyone in its orbit. And yet the tight unpretentious prose and the feeling that things are falling apart are orchestrated with authoritative tact and force. Yates's understatements are so controlled that when he fans his stories into outright dramatic flare-ups, it's riveting; it's as if a silent room were suddenly filled with shouts.

Certain characters and situations are repeatedly recycled (just as in his earlier books). The typical protagonist of a Yates story is a rootless adult, maybe divorced, still traumatized by a childhood spent under the wing of his divorced, driven mother. He's stuck in an unfulfilling job and trying to be a writer. As he looks back on his damaging past, he strikes us as a sensitive, discerning son who, though he saw through his family's failings and pr tensions, managed to remain involve and forgiving. That's the pure hell it: he never broke away and never wi We feel that this circumscribed, *blocke* being is a man unable to forget an thing.

Disillusionment runs in these people veins like blood. That soldier adrift Paris asks himself, "Had anybody y confessed to being dismayed and bew dered and bored by this whole fuckir place, and lonely as a bastard too? Yates can give murderous resonance t the remark that an airplane passeng "slept most of the way across Ame ica," or to a lover's protest about mildewed mattress ("And how com your bed smells like death?"). Even small child, left alone to play, become narcotized by "some aimless game tha involved the careful alignment of a fe old toys." The impression of pur poseless activity is unrelenting.

And yet, Yates at his best isn't monotonous writer. His despair-riddle stories are continually enlivened b sharp observation. He has a fine ey and a fine ear for the intricacies an absurdities of life among Greenwic Village's artistic types. He catche beautifully the forced vivacity of a would-be writer's inept pseudoauto biography. He can stun us with his perceptions—as when a middle-aged father, hearing his grown daughter calmly say she no longer loves him, reminds himself that "she was the middle child, born soon after he'd come back from the war, and he would always associate her birth with the first high hopes of world peace." A moment like that is enough, it seems to me, to redeem even a story that is otherwise a failure.

There are no real failures here, even if two or three of the stories are only revisitings of territories Yates has previously explored with greater success. Three of them are among his best. "Regards at Home" charts a hopeful writer's awkward wrestling with the inhibitions of family and career. The "Liars in Love" are an American G.I. and a London prostitute, enmeshed in an "adventure of the heart" that's inevitably ruined by simple human frailty. And in the splendid "Oh, Joseph, I'm So Tired," the familiar lonely-boy observer gives us our perspective on a deluded "artist" mother and the straggling acquaintances who make up her "enchanted circle of friends." Against

Bruce Allen is a freelance writer who lives in Kittery, Maine. He reviews new fiction for The Chicago Tribune, The Christian Science Monitor *and* Saturday Review.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

odds, there's something almost exlarating in watching Yates's charters slowly, ruefully recognize what ey've become.

Larry Woiwode is another muchlmired writer, on the strength of his ıe first novel about an embattled ›ung married couple (*What I'm Going Do, I Think*, 1969), an ambitious osaic-like multigenerational portrait a Midwestern farm family (*Beyond e Bedroom Wall*, 1975) and a number delicately nuanced, skillfully written ıort stories (not yet collected). I'm ›rry to report that Woiwode's new ›vel strikes me as altogether unworthy his talents.

Poppa John describes a critical day t's December 23) in the life of its title ıaracter: elderly actor Ned Daley, ›cently written out (by scripted death") of his role as the earthy Bibleuoting authority figure on a popular ›levision soap opera. Overborne by the nplications of Poppa John's "death," Jed allows a Christmas shopping trip hrough the crowded New York City treets to reveal the intermingling of his eal and fictional lives. He drives himelf, through remembered traumas and eizures of guilt and despair, into a ›reakdown that seems to be a rehearsal or his real demise. The novel con›ludes, however, with recovery and rec›nciliation (with his adoring wife), de›cribed in a brief coda that occurs in the ıospital on Christmas day.

Ned's pathetic barhoppings and en›ounters with concerned strangers (who *ıll* seem to have watched that damn program), and his laborious recall of trials and tragedies from his childhood, are communicated to us with relentless intensity and meticulousness. "I feel my body is physically disintegrating," he tells himself (redundantly, let it be noted), "and I have to hold onto my mind with all I've got or it'll go. Or explode."

The medium for this overload of emotion is a fussy, clause-choked, topheavy, sonorous prose that invests every small action and gesture with undeserved significance, and reminded me of nothing so much as the worst of Henry James's late style.

Here is a Woiwode description of Ned trying to lose himself in alcohol: "The multi-nostriled snout eased into his glass and sizzled some more of the eruptive carbonation over new cubes." A bowel movement accomplished in the nick of time is rendered as "the splattering thunderation of relief, and then a fiery closing pinch, like a red-hot garrote popped tight at the base of it, making him bite down on a cry." I'm all for realism, but shit is only shit, and it's usually a good idea to say so.

The style is an enemy to understanding throughout this (mercifully) short novel. A few of the particulars are arrestingly dramatic. The best of these is a tragic subplot involving the children of one of Ned's colleagues: a powerfully ironic parallel to his own "misgivings about TV and his role itself." But irony is elsewhere absent, whenever we need it most.

Plowing through this book (which isn't mercifully short enough), one wants to ask Woiwode, "Why did you do this? What made you think this tired idea was worth reviving?" Why could we not have had that collection of Woiwode's short stories instead? □

Fame and Fiction

ALICE DENHAM

DADDY'S GIRL. *By Beverly Lowry. The Viking Press. 276 pp. $12.95.*

A Southern Gal after my own heart, Beverly Lowry plays racy comic hardball with a steely mind and a heart as big as Texas. Ole Bev writes with a gaudy, hammering beat.

Daddy's Girl is Sue Shannon Stovall Muffaletta, widowed young mother of three, who is bringing up her children in a proper Houston suburb. Sue has three faces: suburban mom, who acts as Team Father for the Little League; June Day, who sings country-and-western songs in Houston honky-tonks in a tight swingy dress, gardenia behind her ear, and M.S. Sue, who is secretly famous as the composer of those very redneck tunes. Sue's daddy is Big Jim Stovall, former Green Bay Packer and former supersalesman "who could sell broken light bulbs, cockroaches to housewives," now reduced to selling frozen yogurt. Big Daddy's wife, Linda, has flown the coop in search of the organic-mystical, writes pornographic fairy tales and has a loverboy younger than Sue herself. Sue has no husband, daddy Big no wife.

As a daddy's girl myself, I'm intrigued by the nuances of the daughter-father relationship here. Lowry constructs the premise that daddy's good girl, who saves it, spends the rest of her life trying to get it in outlandish and unintegrated ways: getting sex from married men, excitement from belting 'em out at Texas Jam and Kikker Kuntry, identity from composing her salty-treacly songs. A little too much fire and ice for me, but for Houston, snake-oil city doowah ditty, maybe. This sets her up for what? Daddy lust? Relax, folks; this is not incest. Emotional dependence? Not really. More like an emotional bonding. Sue, in fact, lusts after her mother's boy lover.

Connections are lacking; structure is shaky. The centerpiece is a pratfall funeral full of family extras and a couple of tired leads, who do not a conflict make. In fact, Sue has almost no confrontations, no true conflicts. Her three selves balance out, she gets a little here and there, she and Big Daddy are mutually supportive, not exploitative or overly dependent.

Lowry claims that Sue hasn't integrated her three selves because her father and children would disapprove of her raunchy side. But the children and Big are such open-faced gagsters that this is hard to believe. At the end, Lowry says that Sue plans to get it all together: much ado. Also, it appears that Sue and mother Linda may wind up famous: Sue in country-and-western, Mother as visionary pornographer with woodcuts to illustrate her stories. Why is everybody getting famous in novels these days, all equipped with *Garp*-hype occupations and easy fame? Warning: Your characters must become rich and famous, today's version of living happily ever after.

Daddy's Girl is like a honky-tonk. You adore it, you get high on it. Then you weary of it. The problem is the voice, which is marvelous. Beverly Lowry is dancing as fast as she can, too wildly to slow down and deal with the material. Broad rather than deep, *Daddy's Girl* is wide-striding, boot-clicking Cowtown fun. □

Alice Denham, author of My Darling From the Lions *(Bobbs-Merrul) and* Amo *(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), has just completed a third novel.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Acts of Conscience

JAMES LIEBER

TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES: Seven Who Would Not Be Silenced. *By Greg Mitchell. Dembner Books. 330 pp. $14.95.*

"A community," wrote Ibsen in *An Enemy of the People*, "is like a ship. Everyone ought to be prepared to take the helm." The play's point, however, is that most people aren't prepared to do more than make a living and follow the leader. The person who refuses to be silent after discovering something dreadfully amiss that could upset the status quo faces ostracism, isolation and ruin. Modern "whistle blowers," to judge from journalist Greg Mitchell's fine first book, *Truth and Consequences*, experience all this as well as break-ups, breakdowns, firings and nagging existential doubts about whether what they accomplished, often at great personal risk, has any enduring effect.

Mitchell offers profiles of seven ordinary people who thrust themselves into crisis. Robert Maslinski, a prisoner with only a month left on a sentence for passing bad checks, witnessed a shower-room rape in a Florida jail and came forward with evidence that led to the conviction of the rapists. Sheriff Ronald Donell of Weirton, West Virginia, refused to go along with a long-standing practice of accepting kickbacks (which could have netted him $5,000 a month) and testified against those involved, including a popular district attorney. Maude DeVictor, a middle-level employee of the Veterans Administration in Chicago, meticulously compiled cases of G.I.s afflicted with suspicious ailments following exposure to defoliants during service in Vietnam. When her findings were ignored by the V.A. bureaucracy, DeVictor took them to the local CBS affiliate, which used them in the documentary *Agent Orange: Vietnam's Deadly Fog.*

William Kuykendall worked at a Virginia Electric Power Company (VEPCO) nuclear plant that allowed its employees to be exposed to radiation and dumped contaminated waste water into the James River. Frustrated by his employer's indifference to his grievances, his union's inattention to safety and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission's ineffectuality, Kuykendall took matters into his own hands and trashed the plant's control rods.

Lois Gibbs, a squeaky-clean housewife from Niagara Falls, New York, who became alarmed by the carcinogens that seeped into her basement from nearby Love Canal, led a militant movement to force the government to relocate endangered citizens. After seeing a story about Love Canal on television, Michael Bayliss, a former Hooker Chemical Company engineer, went public with the information that Hooker had been aware of the dangers to the community of dumping toxic wastes into the canal and that it also had unconscionably exposed workers to risks inside the plant. Hugh Kaufman, an Environmental Protection Agency official, testified before a Senate subcommittee against his own agency for trying to cover up other toxic-waste crises around the country.

None of these individuals profited materially from whistle blowing. Beaten, stabbed and snubbed as a "snitch," Maslinski resorted to alcohol and crime. The people of Weirton defeated Donell at the polls, and he now works as a night watchman. The V.A. demoted DeVictor and eventually forced her to resign. Mitchell found her living on welfare. Love Canal poisoned Gibbs's marriage and made it impossible for Bayliss to find a job in the chemical industry. Kaufman, a pariah at the E.P.A., hasn't been promoted in years and probably never will be.

Why did these people take the risk? With a fine eye for character and community, Mitchell locates the various catalysts of conscience. The sheriff acted out of a well-honed sense of family honor. Kuykendall, a fundamentalist Christian, belonged to a church that, he said, "placed a high priority on people, a low priority on things." DeVictor's urgent concern about Agent Orange stemmed from her own struggle against cancer.

Mitchell, who has done his legwork, has a good sense of place. His description of the corrupt West Virginia panhandle, to which people from nearby steel towns flock for debauched "Vegas weekends," is brilliant. His understan ing of the dirt-poor Tidewater counti where VEPCO and its shoddy react meet little resistance is also acute, as his dissection of cowardice, infightin and inertia in the E.P.A.

Mitchell makes the whistle blowe interesting, but he never romanticiz them. We come to appreciate the fin line that each treads between informe and moral absolutist. But those wh handle the strain emerge as formidabl human beings: "In victory or defe they felt vindicated because they ha seen it through. In affirmation the found meaning. They discovered them selves."

I have one small quarrel with *Trut and Consequences*. On the back cover Mitchell is described as a native o Niagara Falls, the site of two of hi chapters. If the book goes throug subsequent printings, as I hope it will he should clarify his relationship to tha chemically besieged town. This mino point aside, Greg Mitchell has given us a superb first book which deserves a place close to Edward Weisband and Thomas M. Franck's *Resignation in Protest* on the short shelf of American studies of conscience. I hope it will be read in every office, factory, hospital and jail where people make a practice of looking the other way. □

James Lieber is a lawyer and a novelist.

THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

The Dresser

There is a type of British theatrical offering that finds great favor both at home and with American audiences: the good old-fashioned drama of character, one that makes no pretense of imaginative discovery, that turns over thoroughly familiar psychological or social ground and that is distinguished by performances of a high order of artfulness. Ronald Harwood's *The Dresser* (at the Brooks Atkinson Theatre) is a work of this kind. Not quite a vehicle for its two stars, Tom Courtenay and Paul Rogers, it nevertheless wouldn't attract nearly as much attention as it has without them, or without other performers at or near their level. With them (or with Courtenay; Rogers wasn't in the original production), *The Dresser* was much acclaimed in England and has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

een nicely, in some quarters ecstatical-
, received here.

Harwood's play is about an aging ctor-manager, head of a Shakespearian oupe touring the provinces, and his resser, a man whose duties go far eyond helping him in and out of his ostumes. In the program and on stage he actor is simply called "Sir," a half-ronic appellation that testifies to his nfulfilled craving for knighthood (his vife and leading lady is called "Her adyship"). Sir is among the last of his breed (the time is 1942), full of egotism nd devotion to theatrical art; pom-ous, grandiloquent, yet capable of tirring gestures. The dresser, Norman, is a little man, fussy, sentimental, shrewd, somewhat effeminate, intricately attached to and protective of Sir, with whom he's been for sixteen years.

The action begins just before a performance of *King Lear* in a provincial city and ends just after it. Faced with an apparent breakdown on the part of Sir, Norman contrives by flattery and cajolery to get him through the play. Sir has looked in the mirror—"I saw an old man and the old man was me"—and is swept by fear and self-pity, but, with Norman pushing and tugging, he manages, half-catatonically and half-heroically, to take the stage and hold it. The effort is too much, though, and he collapses and dies in his dressing room (where all the action takes place), upon which Norman breaks down, first uttering recriminations—"In sixteen years he never once took me out for a meal"—and then throwing himself on the body, clad in its Lear robes, and wailing as the company members look on, "You think you loved him? What about me? What about meeeee?"

There are three or four themes here, none of them original and none more than superficially explored or developed, and echoes of at least five or six other plays, of which John Osborne's *The Entertainer* comes most prominently to mind. A major trouble is that the title leads us to think that the drama is essentially about Norman, whereas it's Sir who enlists most of our sympathy and regard. Consequently, the dresser's last-minute psychic and emotional revelations are unprepared for and feel tacked on, as though Harwood were trying to justify his having previously named him as the protagonist.

Yet despite the thinness of the script, a richness makes itself felt whose source is the work done by Courtenay and even more by Rogers. These two veterans are exemplars of that sublime capacity of so many British actors to rise above their material and fashion worlds from their own bodies, gestures and speech. Courtenay may become a trifle monotonous in his singsong, non-U delivery, but his wry delicacy of movement and expression is extremely ingratiating. Rogers, with his leonine head and stupendous voice, more than complements his co-star's slyness. He moves from despair ("I'm filled inside with stones") to arrogance ("You must find what light you can," he tells an upstaged fellow-actor) with enormous assurance. The best tribute to him I can think of is to say that I left the theater hoping to see him some day really play Lear—Shakespeare's, that is. □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Absence of Malice

On the Sunday before *Absence of Malice* opened, *The New York Times* ran a long report by Jonathan Friendly on the distress felt by the country's newspapermen at the sour view this picture takes of their trade. It is easy enough to sympathize with their unhappiness. The press as a whole has been embarrassed lately by several instances of journalistic irresponsibility, and it is certain that the freedom of press guaranteed by the First Amendment is under attack today from groups who mistrust freedom of any sort. Kurt Luedtke, author of *Absence of Malice* and himself a former journalist, protests that his yarn is no more meant as a general indictment of the press than the average police thriller is meant to imply that all cops are crooked, but he must be aware that the current uneasiness about newspapers lends credence to his story.

The film will probably be a hit because it is built upon a long-established formula—the one in which the hero and heroine resolve their bitter dispute by taking it to bed. It is an attractive entertainment because Paul Newman and Sally Field, who play the leads, are attractive performers, and the director, Sydney Pollack, has worked hard for verisimilitude, surrounding the stars with actors who have a gift for making a sharp impression very quickly—a talent prized in works destined for television—and lingering over the latest editing and printing techniques of daily journalism. (Many of the scenes were shot on the premises of *The Miami Herald*, which by now probably regrets its hospitality.)

According to the plot, *The Miami Standard*'s whiz of a girl reporter commits in quick succession three of the unforgivable sins of journalism: she fails to check her facts, she betrays information given in confidence and she reveals her sources. In all of this she is abetted by an editor who combines cynicism with a failure to anticipate the obvious consequences of his reporter's headlong zeal. The film's basic premise is that a successful newspaper can be run by irresponsible fools, a notion that will strike thoughtful viewers as improbable. Unfortunately, not all viewers are thoughtful, and few of them know how a newspaper is in fact run, so *Absence of Malice* may prove a temporary nuisance. I doubt, though, that it has enough substance to be permanently damaging. In any case, it too is protected by the First Amendment. I regret that it came out at this time, just as I regret that the movie *Ragtime*, a more impressive work, presents terrorism as an activity which, however futile, can be based on principle and justified by circumstances. Popular fiction seizes on popular concerns, and the most one can do is urge the audience not to let its entertainments lead its opinions around by the nose.

Finally, it strikes me as amusing that no one has objected to the portrayal of the villain in *Absence of Malice*. Bob Balaban plays the leader of an F.B.I. strike force, a man so possessed of the hunter's instinct that he shakes and squeaks with excitement and is bereft of any scruples, and indeed of the most elementary prudence. It seems to me surprising that the Bureau would employ such a man to command an important murder investigation, but others, it appears, take the maniac for granted. □

When drafting your will under the new tax law, please consider making a bequest to *The Nation.*

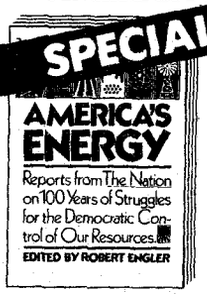
For information write or call: Office of the Publisher, *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011 (212) 242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holiday Gifts From The Nation.

AMERICA'S ENERGY

SPECIAL OFFER


AMERICA'S ENERGY
Reports from The Nation on 100 Years of Struggles for the Democratic Control of Our Resources
EDITED BY ROBERT ENGLER

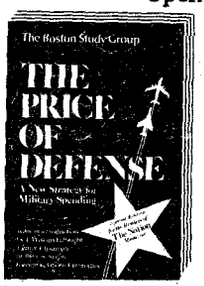
Paperback

ONLY $3.50
(includes postage)
Reg. $7.85

The Energy Crisis wasn't born yesterday. To understand how the corporations got the oil (and gas and coal and electricity) and we got the headaches, read this compendium of reports from *The Nation* on 100 years of struggles for the democratic control of our resources.

Note: America's Energy is the first in a series of The Nation *and Pantheon Books, written by our authors and offered at special discount prices to* Nation *readers.*

THE PRICE OF DEFENSE
A New Strategy for Military Spending



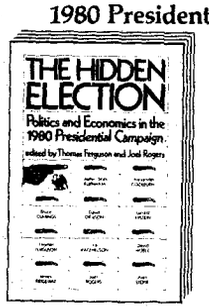
Special Nation *Paperback Edition*

only $4.95
plus $1.50 for postage and handling

The only book in which ordinary citizens get a thoroughly researched, intelligently argued presentation of U.S. military capabilities and commitments.

"It is a bold argument that the United States might get more security at less cost. THE PRICE OF DEFENSE has done just that, with facts, figures and in detail."
J.W. Fulbright

THE HIDDEN ELECTION
Politics and Economics in the 1980 Presidential Campaign



Edited by Nation Columnists Tom Ferguson and Joel Rogers

Hardcover
$16.00
plus $1.75 for postage and handling

"A delightfully unconventional assessment of the 1980 election that is certain to bring partisan juices to the boil. *The Hidden Election* should be read now—and reread in 1984"
Library Journal

Note: The Hidden Election is one in a series of The Nation *and Pantheon Books written by our authors and offered at a special price to* Nation *readers.*

MARSHALL ARISMAN POSTER

only $4.00
(includes postage).

A limited edition poster of Marshall Arisman's graphic reaction to the Reagan Administration is the perfect gift for a friend, or for yourself. Arisman's drawing originally appeared on the cover of *The Nation's* January Inauguration issue, E.P. Thompson's "Letter to America." The poster, measuring 16.5" x 24", is printed on fine coated stock.

SAVE THE NATION

If you find that you have stacks of *The Nation* that you just can't part with, here are two ways to protect your back issues. Choose either an attractive library case or a binder, both in orange, scuff-resistant Kivar and embossed with *The Nation* logo. Each holds six months—safe from dust and wear—at a bargain price.

BINDERS
1 for $7.50
3 for $21.75
6 for $42.00

LIBRARY CASE
1 for $5.95
3 for $17.00
6 for $30.00

THE NATION SINCE 1865

These 100% cotton T-shirts come in black with white lettering front and back.

Three sizes, S-M-L, are available.

only $7.95
(includes postage)

THE NATION MART ORDER FORM

QUANTITY		COST PER UNIT	TOTAL
	America's Energy	@ $3.50	
	The Price of Defense	@ $4.95 + $1.50	
	The Hidden Election	@ $16.00 + $1.75	
	Marshall Arisman Poster	@ $4.00	
	Binders	1 @ $7.50 3 @ $21.75 6 @ $42.00	
	Library Case	1 @ $5.95 3 @ $17.00 6 @ $30.00	
	T shirt(s) (S-M-L)	@ $7.95	

QUANTITY		COST PER UNIT	TOTAL
	REPRINTS		
	Latin America	1 copy @ $3.00	
	Letter to America	10 copies @ $8.00	
	Intervention	50 copies @ $30.00	
	El Salvador	100 copies @ $50.00	
	Empire as a Way of Life	1,000 copies @ $300.00	

QUANTITY		COST PER UNIT	TOTAL
	Back issues (1981) date	@ $2.00	
	Back issues (1980 & prior) date	@ $3.00	

TOTAL ENCLOSED

SEND TO:
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

Mail check or money order to The Nation Mart, 72 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011. *Offers expire June 30, 1982.*

NM8201

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPECIAL NATION REPRINTS

SPECIAL REPRINT PRICES

1 copy	@	$3.00
10 copies	@	$8.00
50 copies	@	$30.00
100 copies	@	$50.00
1,000 copies	@	$300.00

LATIN AMERICA: A POLITICAL GUIDE. An invaluable survey of thirty-three Latin American countries by Penny Lernoux, *The Nation*'s award-winning Latin American correspondent.

A LETTER TO AMERICA. *The Nation* January Inauguration issue was devoted entirely to E.P. Thompson's compelling essay on the clear and present danger of nuclear war.

INTERVENTION. Under what conditions, if any, is military (or other) intervention ever justified? An entire issue of *The Nation* on the subject of intervention contains the papers presented at a Conference on Intervention, co-sponsored by *The Nation* and the Columbia University School of International Affairs.

EL SALVADOR. A compilation of *Nation* articles on Central America and El Salvador, including an early debunking of the famed "White Paper" by James Petras.

EMPIRE AS A WAY OF LIFE. William Appleman Williams' brilliant analysis of America's life, with an empire and the implications of life without one, was the focus of this special issue that was distributed to the delegates at the 1980 Democratic National Convention.

BACK ISSUES OF THE NATION

1981 issues are $2.00 each. 1980 and earlier issues are $3.00 each. (There is limited availability on some back issues.)

THE NATION IN MICROFORM

The Nation is available on 35 mm microfilm from 1865 to 1980; on 16 mm microfilm from 1966 to 1980 and on microfiche from 1970 to 1980. For details and prices please contact University Microfilm, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

SPREAD THE NEWS WITH GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS

Give *The Nation* to a friend. Send $24.00 for the first one-year gift and $18.00 for each additional one-year gift. Please use gift coupon on back page.

CLASSIFIED.

MISCELLANEOUS

DISARM YOURSELF. Stamped envelope to New Party, 8319 Fulham Court, Richmond, VA 23227.

EINSTEIN SUPERCEDED! $1. Thomas, 408 Vt., Daytona, FL 32018.

ISLAM, unknown, misrepresented last world faith. For serious, challenging material on Islam write: Muslim House, 4744 Lachwood St., Philadelphia, PA 19143.

WHY NUCLEAR EMERGENCY plans won't work. Send $1. SASE to: LCA, PO Box 425, Waukegan, IL 60085.

OBSOLETE STOCK certificates wanted. Fred Herrigel, PO Box 80, Oakhurst, NJ 07755, 201-493-2474.

MAKE HOMEMADE BOOKLETS. I've earned $187,000 with mine. Free information: Florin, PO Box 548, Woodville, TX 75979.

VACATION RENTALS

JAMAICA. OCHO RIOS. Elegant condo has everything & sleeps 4, at low per cap. cost. 617-492-5313 or write Patterson, 15 Shepard St., Cambridge, MA 02138.

PERSONALS

SINGLES WHO THINK read & publish in Contact High. Find out why. Free brochure. Box 500-N, Mendocino, CA 95460.

ORIENTAL CONTACTS. Cherry Blossoms, Honokaa, HI 96727.

UNATTACHED? Meet aware, literate singles—like YOU! Very low fee. Call DATELINE—free: 800-451-3245.

A LIBERTARIAN, retired gentleman, vibrant, dedicated and intensely sentimental, seeks a sensible, constant and knowledgeable secretary/co-author and, eventually, companion. Contact: Nicola Piesco, 210 No. Florence Ave., Westfield, NJ 07090.

SCANDINAVIAN LADIES, 18-65, sincere, seek correspondence/marriage. Details: Scannaclub, Dept. N5, Box 4, Pittsford, NY 14534.

ORIENTAL FRIENDSHIP CORRESPONDENCE. Lovely photos! Golden Hearts, PO Box 2423-N, Yakima, WA 98907.

BUTTONS, BUMPERSTICKERS

ACLU BUMPERSTICKER—Our Bill of Rights: Love it and Leave it Alone! $3 each (postage included) to Stanley Schear, 40 Garth Rd., Scarsdale, NY 10583.

REAL ESTATE

CHICAGO BOUND? Live in Oak Park—unique urban suburb. Classic architecture, active diverse population, excellent library and schools. Just 15 minutes from downtown Chicago by public transportation. Free housing referral service—brochures, too. Contact Donna, OAK PARK HOUSING CENTER, 1041 South Blvd., Oak Park, IL 60302 (312) 848-7150.

TUCSON, ARIZONA. Buy Townhouses, residences, land, motels, apartments. Free information. Reputable Roy Long Realty, 5671 N. Oracle Rd., 85704. M.J. Barrett.

TRAVEL

MOUNTAIN HOT-SPRINGS HOTEL in private valley: sunshine, swimming, massage, rest. Room & meals from $25 daily. Brochure: Apdo 1-1187, Guadalajara, Mexico.

DISCOVER CUBA: Individual beach trips for sun lovers; "get acquainted" and special interest group tours. From $365/weekend to $880/fortnight. Weekly departures from Miami. Brochure: Anniversary Tours, 250 W. 57 St., New York, NY 10107; (212) 245-7501, toll free out-of-state 800-223-1336.

COLORADO OUTWARD BOUND SCHOOL invites you to take a break with us. Free catalog on adult courses. 945 Pennsylvania, Dept. NA, Denver, CO 80203, 303-837-0880.

HEALTH

CANCER BREAKTHROUGH—as revealed in Spotlight and Globe 9-15-81 "Incredible cure-results within 30 days." For information send S.A.S.E., Medical Consultants, 781 W. Oakland Pk. Blvd., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33311.

GH-3 GEROVITAL—Amazing Romanian Anti-Aging health rejuvenator. Now for in home use. Romanian formula available here. For information send SASE: Rejuvalife, 1323 SE 17 St. 201, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316.

GIFTS

FANTASY PRODUCTS. Unicorns, dragons, wizards, SF buttons, notecards, stickers, etc. Free catalog. T-K Graphics, PO Box 1950-NA, Baltimore, MD 21203.

JOB OPPORTUNITIES

CALIFORNIA! Get job help fast. Low fees. We search out opportunities for your better future. K M & L Associates, 2013 Veteran Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025.

HELP WANTED

HELP WANTED The Nation is seeking a full time Subscription Manager. One year related experience preferred. Responsibilities include fulfillment, circulation promotion and customer service. Salary commensurate with experience. Resumés only, to: Circulation Dept., The Nation, 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

BECOME A WINNER! New Multi-level company looking for self-motivated leaders to help found sponsorship lines. WIN-WIN MARKETING, PO Box 264, Avoorheesville, NY 12186 or call 518-765-2016 after 7 P.M.

CHANGE JOBS, CHANGE THE WORLD! Every year, COMMUNITY JOBS, a monthly journal, lists over 2,000 job and internship openings in social change work nationwide. Work for a job you can believe in! Just send $2 for a sample issue. Write: COMMUNITY JOBS, Box 405, 1520 16th St. NW, Washington DC 20036.

Pretty, young Housekeeper-Mgr., small resort. Inherit everything. Moontide, FL 32459. (904) 267-2394.

RECIPES

POLYNESIAN DRINKS. Authentic recipes: $2. Tedar Press, P.O. Box 414, Chillicothe, OH 45601-0414.

"BEST CHILI OUTSIDE TEXAS"—10 quart mix $3 postpaid. Guaranteed. Bullcook, PO Box 96N, Frederick, MD 21701.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

LITERARY SERVICES

BOOKS—Used and rare. FREE search service. Send wants to James Books, Box 521B, Brookline, MA 02147.

LEARN TO WRITE Book Proposals that get advances. Instructions by published author, $3.25. David Yale, PO Box 4384, New York, NY 10163.

FICTION CONSULTANT. 2227 20 St. N.W., 402 Washington, DC 20009.

WRITING, research, statistics—all fields, low cost. RESEARCH SERVICE, Chicago, IL. (312) 282-5289.

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service pls. write Peter Sperling—Books, Dept. A, PO Box 300 Old Chelsea Sta., New York, NY 10113-0300.

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY—TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

SCRIPTWRITER NEWS. Bi-weekly newsletter for entertainment writers. Exclusive market news. Script contacts for film, theater, cable, contests, grants & more. One yr. sub., $36; sample issue, $3. 250 W. 57th St., #224N, New York, NY 10019.

GRITTY WORKING CLASS Quarterly Magazine out of Pittsburgh, PA,—The Mill Hunk Herald. Looking for creative writers and cheap subscribers ($3 a year), 916 Middle St., Pittsburgh, PA 15212.

MODERN HAIKU: Premier haiku magazine; cash awards. Sample: $2.50. PO Box 1752, Madison, WI 53701.

QUERIES

AUTHOR'S QUERY

For a compendium of erroneous, untrue and just plain stupid statements by experts, we would appreciate hearing of any sources, anecdotes, documents, etc. about inexpert authorities in any field, in any age. Write Nation Box 80.

EVENTS

THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

Selection of Science and Public Policy

THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE IN THE REAGAN ERA

January 6, 1982 — I. Social Science
Dr. F. Thomas Juster, Director
Institute for Social Research, University of Michigan

February 3, 1982 — II. Public Health
Dr. Anthony Robbins, President
American Public Health Association

March 3, 1982 — III. Energy Programs
Dr. Barry Commoner
Queens College
City University of New York

The public is invited to attend. All meetings start at 8:00 PM. 2 East 63rd St. New York, N.Y. 10021.

UNUSUAL ITEMS

FREE! World's Leading Novelty Catalog. 1800 Jokes, Tricks, Science, Sports, Hobbies. Things You Never Knew Existed, Johnson Smith, C-255, Mt. Clemens, MI 48043.

ART

2-JARA: JARA EL SALVADOR & JARA CHILE VICTOR—Monumental pottery sculpture exhibition by Jeff Schlanger at the Greenwich House Gallery, 16 Jones St., New York, NY 10014, (212) 242-4106. January 7-30, 1982.

SERVICES

INTERIOR PAINTING—Quality work. Call Richard, (212) 564-4989.

ASSOCIATIONS

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: N, RD1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036

BOOKS

"LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE" and **"JEAN'S WA** unique books on self-deliverance for the dying. Availa through Hemlock Society, PO Box 66218, Los Angel CA 90066. Send SASE or call (213) 391-1871.

A SEARCH

Educated, college and seminary, in two of Church's best schools, there followed for a certain n something of a successful pastorate,—until he beca convinced that though churches (lodges, clubs, schoo etc.) were doing a good job, it was not good enough our present conditions.

This mere negative attitude was untenable to hi What WAS the truth and life needed for our pres time?

If answer was to be found, it could best be fou working among the people. He left his church member and minister. Trained for no trade or other p fession, he at first could do only odd jobs; later car steady work with minimum pay. His was a family five.

Ten years ago he published a book (now out of pri that set forth something of his life's background a results of his search up to that time.

Now he has another book, SEARCH II, that presen some of his ideas of the past 10 years. Now retired, I says that his main job still is trying to find out how live in the present world.

Copy of this latter book may be had free, postpaid, t addressing: SEARCH, 101 Reservoir St., Weston, W 26452.

WHAT WOULD HUCK FINN have to say about the firi up of the once-cold war? He had plenty to say in the F ties, though most of us weren't listening! But we'd bett listen this time to the kind of common sense Americar were born with—which Huck Finn still has because h wasn't educated out of it! For his comments on this ar other subjects, order your copy of **Tom Sawye Comes Home** by Dorothy Langley. It's onl $7.95—and worth more than the B-1s in your budge Send your check to Traumwald Press, #10, 3550 Lak Shore Drive, Chicago, IL 60657.

PICTURES FROM THE PAST: "Memorable and outstand ing" (*Small Press Review*). "Unforgettable and powerful Beautiful and disturbing stories that depict the triumphs and affirmations of women's experience." (Big Mama Rag). "Ruth Geller's characters come alive and touch the pathos in all of us. Memorable." (Bflo Evening News) Order from your local bookstore or send $7.95 to Imp Press, PO Box 93, Bflo, NY 14213.

RELIGION

101 BIBLICAL CONTRADICTIONS, $3; Discovery, Box 20331-TN, West Valley City, UT 84120.

IS TONGUES-SPEAKING of God? FREE 80-page color book, others. Standard (B), Chester Springs, PA 19425.

FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS CREATED JESUS, authored Gospels. Positive proof; scholarly booklet, $3. Vector, PO Box 6215-A, Bellevue, WA 98007.

CHRISTIANITY and CREDIBILITY: A "kept secret" has now "come abroad." Pamphlet. Donation. Clark, PO Box 323N, Sparr, FL 32690.

For the convenience of those who wish to place a classified notice in *THE NATION:*

RATES: $.75 per word, 15 word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Copy deadline 17 days prior to week of publication. Payment must accompany order.

Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for two insertions of your ad, and we will print a third insertion free!

TO: *THE NATION*
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. N.Y. 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for my advertisement to run ____ weeks

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Copy: _____

Payment in U.S. currency

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MERCHANDISE

THE LEGENDARY UNICORN

comes to life in this unique art poster—capturing the ancient creature in a new, whimsical and amusing pose. This full color poster comes ready for framing. A great hang up!

Enclosed is my check for _____ for___ poster(s). Send $5.50 (2 for $10.00) to:
IL residents add 6% ● outside U.S.A. add $1.00

Our Solution ● P.O. Box 403
Lake Bluff, IL 60044
Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

HE AMERICAN MYTHS 1982 CALENDAR. (No Nukes uccessor)—12 beautiful, outrageous multicolored orks debunking myths like Columbus Discovered merica, Nuclear War Is Winnable. $6.25, 3/$17.50. PC 924 Burnet Syracuse, NY 13203 (315) 472-5478. ulk rates.

COLD WAR BONDS
Buy COLD WAR BONDS today! Earn shares in the NATIONAL SECURITY! Look what presidents have done with National Security. Now, you can get yours by sending $2.50 to Pioneer Graphics, Box 181, Eureka, CA 95501. You'll receive an attractive 8x11 bond certificate signed by the Secretary of Voodoo Economics. Write for volume discounts.

ALOE VERA. Concentrated liquid, plain or with papaya added, 1 pint concentrated (equal to 1 gal.) $9.50 ppd. n US. Write V.E. Co., PO Box 484, Harrah, OK 73054.

EDUCATION

WHY SOME TEACHERS are so mean, send $1, SASE, to: Cathy Nunn, 1 Tarpon Dr., Ormond Bch., FL 32074.

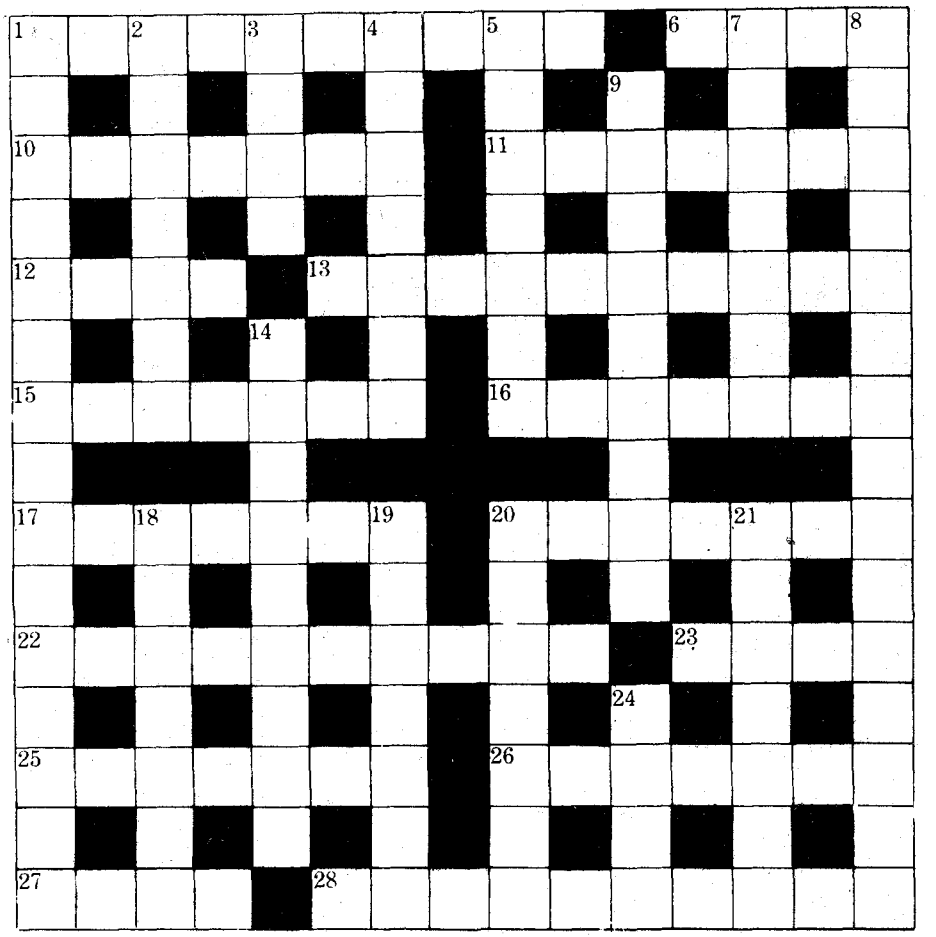
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1896

		I	R	O	N	C	U	R	T	A	I	N		
	P		O		E		S		R		M		H	
M	O	D	U	L	A	T	E		E	S	P	I	E	D
	L		N		R		R		P		E		R	
K	I	N	D	R	E	D		B	A	L	L	O	O	N
	C		E		S		F		N				I	
P	E	L	L	E	T		I	N	S	T	I	N	C	T
			A				R				N			
P	L	A	Y	P	E	N	S		T	A	V	E	R	N
	E				C		T		O		E		E	
S	T	A	T	I	O	N		O	P	E	N	E	R	S
	T		R		N		K		S		T		U	
M	E	R	I	N	O		E	D	I	T	I	O	N	S
	R		A		M		P		D		O		S	
		C	L	A	Y	P	I	G	E	O	N	S		

X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 1897

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Little devils in the most white of environments? One has written on such before! (10)
6 See 15
10 Bristle, perhaps—a bad sign if you're looking for shelter. (7)
11 In a way, the late runner, possibly. (7)
12 Where one might drive 26 to have no sign of disapproval. (4)
13 An 11 might be good at it, having his day in court. (10)
15 and 6 One might make light of its holdings of a hundred, and sort of tickles. (11)
16 Boy in pain—such as a knightly supporter. (7)
17 Lets one's hair down, otherwise—that's what spring does, at times. (7)
20 You might find ice cream in such shape. (7)
22 One isn't necessarily a great kid, if so. (10)
23 A small lock cracker might go like this. (4)
25 Things that come from 3 set awkwardly in old Greek. (7)
26 Too backward to have industrious models around, but they might keep small ones extremely warm. (7)
27 Something that might go around 4 but not, say, mixed up. (4)
28 A sort possibly associated with mixed nuts, a type sometimes found high up. (10)

DOWN

1 Synthetic materials impel to some course, to a point, possibly responsible for changing features. (7,8)
2 The start of the Revolution was a matter of their hanging one or two such, but its effect might be light. (7)
3 It isn't yours, but old-timers sometimes expect it to be gold-filled. (4)
4 Moves sideways in a movement of the ball, perhaps. (7)
5 You might make a pile this way—or pass the test. (5,2)
7 Where they have anger all over the country? (7)
8 Experts on a place where the ruler is left. (Square of color there, too.) (15)
9 Close to a sort of glint? Weaver might be going from line to line. (9)
14 What one might pull down on July 4, for example? You might go on one, just for fun. (5,4)
18 Her laws are broken, as Ahab well knew. (7)
19 Rather formal divisions, with a little science leading up to his brief documents. (7)
20 Well, that's one way to size up a bore! (7)
21 A country house offering a little talk on what the French might drink. (7)
24 Don't get up—it's part of 7! (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT THE COUNTRY, TRY The Nation.

P.O. Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305

YES!! Send me 16 issues of *The Nation* for $11.95, a savings of 40% off the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for all unmailed copies.

☐ My payment is enclosed—reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES!

☐ Please bill me later.

NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

D8201

40% OFF NEWSSTAND PRICE

SEND *THE NATION* TO A FRIEND! (And save $2.)

Please send 16 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the special gift rate of just $11.95 for the first and $9.95 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

GIFT TO _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Enclosed is $ _____ for _____ subscription(s).
(Extend each subscription FOUR FREE ISSUES.)

☐ Bill me later.

Add $3 postage for each foreign subscription. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

D8201

SAVE AN ADDITIONAL $2.00

TSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED